

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXIX

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1934

NUMBER 1018

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The Week

IF ANY simple citizen understands the silver question, we congratulate him, for in that case he knows more than the economists, who are split wide open by it. Will our monetary base be more stable if silver is added to it, and comprises 25 percent of the reserve? Maybe, but we doubt it, especially if bimetallism is not adopted the world over. Of one thing we are sure: it doesn't make much difference what the monetary base is, so far as the movement of prices and business activity are concerned. Nine-tenths of our money is not currency at all, but bank credit, and expansion or contraction in this can swing widely enough to make all the difference between extreme inflation and extreme deflation, regardless of gold or silver. We might just as well base our currency on ice at the South Pole for all the difference it makes under a modern credit system. Furthermore, a guess seems to us warranted: that under the new policy—if the President executes it—the government will buy a lot of silver above its market value, or above the value that can be permanently maintained—and thus will

incur a large loss. Who will profit by this incautious buying? Why, of course, the possessors and producers of silver. After all, the whole thing started with the agitation of persons who have silver for sale. If a government subsidy to them can aid prosperity, the measure will help. Outside of that, we see little of importance in it.

IN THE conference over the Stock Exchange Bill, the "liberal" Senate version has won in most important provisions over the "strict" House one. Control over the size of the margin allowed has been delegated to the Federal Reserve Board. Administration of the law in other respects has been delegated, not to the Federal Trade Commission, but to a new board. Now the hope of those interested in regulation is that the President will appoint to the new board men who will act as the Federal Trade Commission would have done, and that his influence with the Federal Reserve Board will induce it to protect the public in the matter of margins. But what of future Presidents? From the first, the effort of the speculative community, knowing that it was to be regulated, has been to control the regulators. This has been the history of all regulation of private business in the United States. Will this great reform turn out to be anything better in the long run than the great reforms involved in regulating the railroads, the public utilities and in checking business monopoly through the Federal Trade Commission itself? From the first, The New Republic has doubted it. The real problem is to find a better way to allot investment and credit than by means of an essentially speculative capital market.

WITH the sudden rise in strikes and strike violence of the past week the administration has changed its mind about the Wagner Labor Disputes Bill. Instead of letting it go over until the next session of Congress, the plan now is to have it enacted at once. There can be no question that such action is urgently needed—provided the bill is drafted so that there can no longer be any dispute on what the rights of workers are in collective bargaining. The numerous interpretations of Section 7a by General Johnson, by Donald Richberg and by the President have produced an impossible situation. We are not convinced that the Wagner Bill—in its revised form—will remove these difficulties. In two particulars it seri-

ously endangers the right of workers to strike and picket, or at least leaves this right open to adverse judicial interpretation. The most serious threat appears in Section 14, which reads:

Nothing in this act shall be construed to require any employee to render labor or service without his consent, or to authorize the issuance of any order or injunction requiring such service, or to make illegal the failure or refusal of any employee individually, or any number of employees collectively, to render labor or service.

To say that a man cannot be compelled to work is far from saying that he can strike and picket. Moreover, the phrase "or any number of employees collectively" is most unsatisfactory, since there have been important court decisions holding that the right of workers to act collectively does not imply the right to strike and picket. Certainly this Section 14 does not compare in clarity with Section 303 in the original Wagner Bill, for which it was substituted. The latter declared that "nothing in this Act shall be construed so as to interfere with or impede or diminish in any way the right to strike."

AN ADDED section in the revised bill declares it to be an unfair labor practice "for employees to attempt, by interference or coercion, to impair the exercise by employers of the right to join or form employer organizations" for collective bargaining. If this is simply a sop to industry, there can be no objection to it. On the other hand, we read in the summary of the bill by the Senate Committee on Education and Labor that this provision means that employees shall not interfere with "the coöperative effort of employers to present a united front and [in the words of the declaration of policy] 'to encourage the establishment of uniform labor standards.'" Now suppose that the steel industry signs uniform contracts for uniform wage scales with company unions. Does this section then mean that independent unions will not be permitted to strike for better contracts and better wages because they will be interfering with the "united front"? We do not know. But the present terminology is at least open to that interpretation. And the one thing that the Wagner Bill should remove is the necessity for further interpretations of this nature. If these ambiguities cannot be eliminated before the measure is passed, we see no advantage in rushing it through Congress. For to restrict the right of workers to strike—or to leave that right open to interpretation—can only have one result: industrial conflict on a broader and more violent scale than ever before.

THE governments concerned are cautiously entering negotiations preliminary to the new Pacific naval conference; meanwhile in public statements they are jockeying for position. Japan has already in effect flouted the Nine Power Pacific Treaty, which, with the naval-limitation agreement, was a twin child of

ingly plain that she does not want to be bound any more by the five-five-three naval ratio either. Great Britain is friendly but firm; she wants to assure her strength in the East. Senator Swanson of the Naval Affairs Committee, in answer to a reporter, said that if Japan insisted on abolishing the existing ratio, we should have to reconsider establishing naval bases in the East, which were barred by the same treaty that established the ratio. This statement was played up in Japan as a provocation making the Japanese all the more insistent on their position. The calculations that lie behind all this are childishly simple. Naval strategists believe that a fleet would have to be more than twice as strong as the Japanese in order to defeat it in its home waters. Therefore, under the existing ratio, each nation is secure against aggression from any one of the others. But Japan could not carry on against the United States and Great Britain combined. She is eager to eliminate the possibility of a joint veto on her activities. The question for the United States is how much such a veto is worth to us.

IN THE reverberations of the quarrel over the Darrow report, one fact has been overlooked, and fundamentally it is perhaps the most damning of all to the administration of the N.R.A. under General Johnson. That is the almost complete lack of detailed statistical and accounting information on the basis of which the questions at issue could be decided. Darrow makes charges; Johnson, after holding up the report for several weeks in order to answer it, replies only with indignant words. But what has the Steel Code in fact done to costs and prices of steel? Has it in fact widened the profit margin and encouraged profiteering? If other codes are better than steel, what figures show them to be better? Sidney Hillman of the Labor Advisory Board of the N.R.A. demonstrated the importance of this kind of information while cross-questioning a witness before the Darrow board. The witness was a textile manufacturer who complained of increased labor costs, with higher wages and shorter hours. But Mr. Hillman forced him to admit that his volume of business was larger than before the N.R.A., and that there was a wider margin between his cost and his selling price. The fact that the chairman of the hearing, in Mr. Darrow's absence, shut off this line of questioning fully justifies Mr. Hillman's denunciation. A good deal of solicitude for the "small man," it is true, hides anti-labor activity. The Darrow board should be far more concerned with business facts than General Johnson has been. And the N.R.A. should be concerned with them before anything else.

IN ABOLISHING all but the labor sections of the N.R.A. codes in the service industries, the President takes a step in the right direction. If these codes are effective, they are likely to establish uneconomically high prices; if they are ineffective, as they

position of employing police power to compel little men all over the country to charge more. Control of these industries cannot be improvised; it should be far more carefully worked out. But how about the manufacturing industries? How about the big boys who can enforce their own high prices and who are subject to no check in behalf of the consumer by the N.R.A. or anybody else? There are only two logical courses open in dealing with them—either to abolish their codes and use governmental police power rigorously to compel them to compete (something the government has never yet succeeded in doing) or to regulate their prices and profits (something the government has never done very successfully except through direct public ownership).

IN ITS issue of February 21 The New Republic published a statement, based on information from sources that we believed reliable, that at Syracuse University enrolment in the R.O.T.C. unit was compulsory, that administration pressure was exerted on student liberals and radicals, and that this pressure was reinforced by a "yellow-dog contract," which every student was compelled to sign on entrance, giving the university permission to expel him without a hearing and without stating the cause. We are glad to be able to deny the charge that the R.O.T.C. is compulsory, and that The Daily Orange is forbidden to publish editorials of pacifist tenor. Further investigation has confirmed the impression, however, that the administration has in other ways attempted to suppress dissent. A privately endowed house, "314 Waverly," which as the women's living center was for five years the chief forum of liberal thought, was ordered closed in spite of the protests of prominent alumni and others. The Peace Council, which passed a resolution attacking capitalism as a breeder of war, was abolished. Many students believe that there is continuous pressure on them, not only to join the R.O.T.C. but against all liberal activities. The "yellow-dog contract" is a fact, and in view of the attitude of the university administration, its mere existence is a repressive factor.

What Is Behind Toledo

THE Toledo strike riots are a test case in the battle for industrial democracy, which it would be well to study carefully. What lies behind them? The following factual account, derived from the personal observation of a reliable informant who has been on the ground from the beginning, may help us to understand what has happened.

Toledo's "civil war," which has flashed onto the front pages of the international press, surged up from a long series of abuses against the workers in this hitherto open-shop town. Broken pledges by the management of the Electric Auto-Lite Company and its affiliates, the connection of C. O. Miniger, president of that company, with the Toledo bank collapse which ruined thousands, the

of protest made articulate by the dramatic defiance of the injunction by the American Workers' party, the nervous incompetence of the sheriff in precipitating rioting—these were the successive steps that led to the attack on the plant by 10,000 people and the battles with the National Guard.

The Electric Auto-Lite Company is one of the largest manufacturers of automotive parts, linked up with the Automobile Chamber of Commerce in its anti-union policy. In late February of this year its employees walked out. Simultaneously, the workers in its two affiliated plants, the Logan Gear Company and Bingham Stamping Company, likewise struck. With the fervor of new unionists, these strikers showed great militancy. Picket lines were maintained day and night. Tents were pitched as strikers' relief stations. Early in March the company capitulated.

The agreement was a compromise. The 10-percent increase in wages demanded by the Federal Automobile Workers' Union was cut to a five-percent rise. Shop committees were recognized. The question of "the union" was postponed until April 1, the company stating that on that date it would negotiate further concerning a union contract.

When the date arrived, the company and its affiliates refused point-blank to discuss unionism. The management ordered Thomas Ramsey, business agent of the federal union, out of the company office. Eleven days later the workers in the three plants struck again. Mass picketing began, and the Bingham shop committee appealed to the Lucas County Unemployed League to coöperate on the picket lines. The unemployed-league movement, fostered by the American Workers' party, is pledged to aid unions actively in strikes by preventing the jobless from strike-breaking.

The answer of the company was an injunction, granted by Judge Roy R. Stuart of the Court of Common Pleas, against the federal union and the Unemployed League. Under this court order, only twenty-five pickets were permitted at each gate. The union decided to observe the injunction, opposing it by legal action. The mass picketing ceased. The strike ebbed lower and lower. Hundreds of strike-breakers entered the gates through the small, inadequate picket lines.

On May 7, the Lucas County Unemployed League, at the urgent suggestion of the American Workers' party, wrote Judge Stuart stating that they would with full knowledge defy his injunction. Sam Pollack and Ted Selander, officers of the Unemployed League and members of the A.W.P., picketed the plant with signs calling for mass picketing, accompanied by Norman Myers and another member of the federal union. They were arrested, tried, found guilty upon their restatement of their defiance in court, but released on suspended sentences.

From the courtroom they went directly back to the picket lines with over a hundred strikers. Mass arrests began. When the court and company at-

tempted to single out Selander, Pollack and three union militants for conviction, the others arrested rose in chorus in court and stated: "Your Honor, if these men are guilty, we are all guilty of the same offense." The Judge suspended court without making a decision.

On Monday noon, May 21, Louis Budenz of the American Workers' party spoke at the plant gates, stating that he would defy the injunction and calling for "peaceful mass picketing" and the "smashing of the injunction, once and for all." One thousand workers cheered. With a large banner, one side of which read: "The American Workers' party calls for mass picketing," and the other, "1776, 1865, 1934," he headed the picket line. At the conclusion of the picketing that day, the numbers present had risen to two thousand, whom Budenz addressed again. On Tuesday, when he spoke and again led the line, four thousand were before the plant, and on Wednesday he addressed six thousand.

Sheriff Krieger refused to deputize union workers as guards around the plant, a suggestion of the Central Labor Union. Instead he appointed company choices, paid by the company and not by the county, for this task. As the Wednesday picket line began, these deputies had placed tear-gas receptacles on the roof of the plant. Shortly thereafter, the strike-breakers began throwing long iron bolts from the plant windows. One of these struck a girl picket behind the ear and she was hurried to the hospital. The leaders of the line urged: "Do not be provoked. Continue the peaceful mass picketing, no matter what the scabs may do." The crowd observing had risen to 10,000.

Suddenly Sheriff Krieger ordered the arrest of Budenz and four other pickets carrying banners. Police took them to the city jail and then to the county jail, where they were kept until noon of the next day. Then they were cited for contempt. The sheriff stated on the witness stand that he would have charged Budenz with "inciting to riot" if he had not been "too busy" the rest of the day. Immediately after the arrest, a deputy sheriff arrested an old man in the middle of the street, in full view of 20,000 eyes, and hit him unmercifully. The crowd could stand the terrorism no longer. They surged around deputies and police. Clouds of tear gas rolled from the roof of the plant, felling many men and women. Scores lay in the streets.

The crowd quickly reacted. They hurled bricks and stones into the plant, cut off the light supply, rammed the doors of the plant with great timbers, and continued a battle with police and deputies all through the night. The strike-breakers meanwhile were imprisoned in the plant. The officials of the company had called for the National Guard on Tuesday, without apparent reason. On Wednesday, observers from that body were present. Jointly with the sheriff, they called for the militia. Sheriff Krieger testified in court that he had decided "to take the offensive on Wednesday," lending color to the strikers' charge that the attacks came from within the

plant were "a frame up" to get the aid of the troops.

The National Guard came into the city in a heavy rain, which had fallen all night, gradually dispersing the thousands before the plant. Battles between them and the workers began immediately and have continued. Thousands have expressed their protest at the militia's presence by gathering at their picket lines at the head of streets leading to the plant. The guards have killed two and wounded scores.

Meanwhile, Ted Selander has been arrested again and held incommunicado by the militia for distributing leaflets calling for a protest meeting, at which A. J. Muste, chairman of the A.W.P., Heywood Broun and Budenz spoke. Appealing to Charles P. Taft, President Roosevelt's personal mediator, Muste and E. R. Lamb, counsel for Selander, were surprised at Taft's telling them that "the strike should never have been called" and that "outside agitators were responsible for the trouble." (This is also the attack made by The News Bee, Scripps-Howard newspaper, in four front-page editorials, beginning on Wednesday before the riots started.)

Taft has proposed that the strikers and companies submit their differences to the Detroit Regional Labor Board, which has already shown its utter incompetence. The union has rejected this proposal. Muste and Lamb have wired Roosevelt demanding Taft's removal because of prejudice. But Taft called all the newspaper men into his room, and in the presence of Lamb and Muste, demanded that they suppress any information about his anti-union statements. Heywood Broun refused to be gagged.

The militia are making mass arrests, herding people into jail, regardless of their reason for being in the vicinity of the military picket lines. For weeks, the Central Labor Union has threatened a general strike, and general-strike discussion is now widespread. Budenz is being tried, as we go to press, for contempt of court. Arthur Garfield Hays is associated with defense counsel.

It is clear that back of all the trouble lies the determination of the open-shop employers not to give any power to labor through collective bargaining with national labor organizations not dominated by themselves. It is clear that the ambiguous and delusive settlement of the threatened automobile strike in Detroit gave these employers an opening to return to their reactionary policy. It is clear that when employers stand pat, the judicial, police and military forces of local governments are ready to join their side of the warfare. And it is clear that the indecisive attitude of the national administration on the establishment of labor's rights under the N.R.A. and the various labor-adjustment agencies has so undermined the workers' confidence in its fairness that disputes are twice as difficult to settle, once they have arisen. The sorry American scene in Toledo finds its setting in broken promises of the

Crisis in Belgium

THOUGH the spark that set Europe aflame in 1914 was struck in the Balkans, it was the status of Belgium that brought Great Britain into the hostilities and supplied the first great issue on the Western Front. Again the eyes of the diplomats are focusing on that kingdom, and recent events make it seem possible that the orientation of the Belgians may now play an important part in the new Franco-German diplomatic game which many fear is the prelude to another war.

King Albert's death probably marks the end of an era in Belgian history. His personal popularity had much to do with preserving the waning unity of the kingdom. He was a staunch Francophile and the French could count on him, as they did in 1914, to throw all his influence on their side in the event of war. His liberalism on questions of Flemish linguistic autonomy had gained him many friends among Flemish nationalists, although they knew that, as the symbol of Belgian unity, he would remain an obstacle to any thoroughgoing Flemish program.

The most vital problem facing the new King is, of course, the age-old "Flemish question." In his first speech from the throne, Leopold declared that Belgian unity and independence were essential to the peace of Europe and that, following the policies of his father, he would devote himself to the preservation of a free and united Belgium. In other words, he pledged himself to keep Belgium what it has always been: a buffer state between France, Germany and England, dominated by French interests and French foreign policy. This is exactly what he was expected to do: his own *raison d'être* would cease under any other program. But the "Flemish question," growing more and more serious since the War and complicated at the moment by the economic crisis, by two mutually exclusive fascist movements and by Pan-German ambitions, is entering upon a critical stage.

Leopold, still inexperienced and, so far as has yet appeared, without any extraordinary talents for leadership, must attempt to maintain the prestige his father enjoyed with most of the Flemings. The Walloons and the upper-class, Francophile Flemings will strive, for a while at least, to exhibit the new sovereign as a symbol of Belgian unity. So, for instance, the King is making an intensive tour of the country and will undoubtedly address numerous gatherings of Flemings in their own language. Yet there is not much chance that he can turn the tide; even King Albert was hissed and booed by Flemish separatists at St. Trond three years ago. When the real struggle for power occurs, Leopold III, if he survives, will do so only as a figurehead.

The present cultural and political struggle is between, on the one hand, the Teutonic Flemings, speaking a Low German dialect very similar to Dutch (their only written language) and occupying

Flanders, the northern and agricultural half of the kingdom, and on the other hand, the French-speaking, industrialized Walloons who live in the southern half of Belgium. It antedates the founding of this miniature state, no larger than Maryland. During the twenty years of French occupation (1794 to 1814), the old Austrian system of provincial autonomy was destroyed and the Flemish bourgeoisie was thoroughly gallicized, so much so that the union with Holland (1814 to 1830) scarcely affected that condition. With the creation of the Kingdom of Belgium, the Walloons, backed by the well-to-do Flemings, the only class with any political power in Flanders, set up a highly centralized regime which, in essence, still remains today. French was naturally the only language recognized and Flemish sank to the level of a *patois*.

Flemish nationalism got under way fairly early as a lower-middle-class movement with a strong appeal to the Flemish-speaking masses. At first, cultural and linguistic recognition was the only aim of the *Flamingants*, but reforms were slow in coming. During the War the more ardent nationalists, known as "Activists," worked hand in hand with the German invaders, with the aim of setting up an autonomous Flemish state. After the occupation, the seeds of Activism remained and sprouted into "Maximalism," with several branches of more or less militant separatists. When, after a hard fight, the Flemings finally won complete linguistic autonomy (Brussels, just over the line in Flanders, was set off as a bilingual area), the battle had in reality only just begun. The most advanced groups of Flemish nationalists were demanding either complete administrative autonomy in a Flemish-Walloon federation, or absolute political independence or union with Holland.

The latest and most ominous development of Flemish nationalism is centered in a fascist party called Verdinaso, an abbreviation for *Verbond van Dietche Nationaalsolidaristen*. It was almost inevitable, in view of the lower-middle-class leadership of Flemish nationalism from the very beginning, that in these days of economic and social disintegration an out-and-out "Flanders for the Flemish" movement would sooner or later turn fascist. In the fall of 1931, a certain Joris Van Severen, with an eye on Hitler's up-and-coming Nazis, founded Verdinaso. Besides carrying all the stock in trade of fascism anywhere, including the well known Germanic specialties, race mysticism and rabid anti-Semitism, the Flemish *Führer* and his Dinastos propose to do away with Belgium and create a new "corporative" state, the Greater Netherlands, which would unite Flanders, French Flanders and Holland.

Hitler's triumph in Germany served as a great stimulus to the Verdinaso party. For one thing, the Nazis, who for military and other reasons are heartily in favor of a disorganized Belgium, have given financial support to the Dinastos. The latter now number over ten thousand (without counting

a small following in Holland) and have also created a Union of Dinaso Syndicates with an additional membership of about the same number, and organized a flourishing Dinaso Youth Movement and a special corps of shock-troopers, the Dinaso Militie, hand-picked, able-bodied men, well paid and trained for battle. The possibilities of Verdinaso, with its "Green Houses" springing up all over Flanders, are not to be underestimated. The party weekly sheet, *Hier Dinaso!* circulates freely, building up race consciousness among four million Flemings who have long been afflicted with an inferiority complex and are now hard hit by the depression. With considerable funds now coming from Germany, Van Severen may soon attract, if he has not already done so, powerful Flemish patrons. It is not inconceivable that French and Belgian munitions interests will lend secret support to the Dinastos in order to stimulate business. What better reason for the national government to buy more guns and tanks than a Flemish peril encouraged by German machinations?

The reaction of Walloon patriots is in turn growing more intense every day. A late issue of *La Revue Belge*, for example, commenting on the February riots in Paris, says that good Belgians must hope for a firm, authoritative non-parliamentary regime in France because a strong France would mean a unified Belgium and would further the "national restoration" that Belgium needs. The Walloon bourgeoisie, which has seen Communism make heavy inroads in the industrial centers, has been fascist-minded for some time now. The Blue-shirted *Légion Nationale Belge*, led by Paul Hoornaert, has been active for nearly ten years, breaking up strikes and communist meetings and calling for a united Belgium, under Walloon dictatorship, and closer relations with France. Only recently, when the Legion's headquarters were moved from Liège to Brussels—a significant step—there was bloody rioting in the streets of the capital, causing many to fear that the Walloon fascists were preparing a coup d'état.

Is Hoornaert to be the Belgian Mussolini with "national restoration," or will Van Severen, the would-be Flemish Hitler, bring forth his "totalitarian" Germanic empire? The near future probably lies with one of these two brands of despotism. The Communists, though they now number a hundred thousand, cannot hope for success until either France or Germany goes Red; united foreign intervention would immediately destroy any Belgian Soviet state. In any case, Belgian parliamentary government may not long survive, and probably the best that is in store for Leopold III is an honorary sovereignty, like that of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. And for the workers, Flemish and Walloon alike, the present outlook is bleak indeed.

The struggle between these two rival fascisms is of the gravest concern to the peace of Europe. In the final analysis, a conflict between the Walloon Blue Shirts and the Flemish Brown Shirts would

mean a conflict between France and Germany. French hegemony in Central Europe is slipping fast and Gallic diplomacy seems to be helpless to prevent it, but France would stake all to prevent the dismemberment of Belgium, for a free Flanders would mean a strategic victory for Germany of the most serious consequence to French security. Nor is there doubt about German policy in that question. Nazi military experts have openly pointed out that to defeat France and keep her down, Flanders, if not the rest of Belgium, must come within the German sphere of influence.

Though a Franco-Belgian military alliance was signed in 1920, it was only last December, and after violent altercations in the Belgian Chamber, that credits were voted to continue the French line of fortifications along the eastern frontier. Even now the vacillations of Premier de Broqueville over the question of legalizing German rearmament have caused grave concern in the French Foreign Office and have called forth violent reaction on the part of the Walloon extremists. The difficulty with which the Franco-Walloons are putting through their military plan is in itself a German victory. When the German press, commenting on Belgium's recent national sorrow, took delight in remarking that "the death of King Albert casts the shadow of a large question mark over Belgium," it was not without a substantial knowledge of the facts.

Would Britain permit German expansion in the direction of the English Channel? Probably not; Central Europe is one thing, but no potential rival must be allowed to gain a foothold on the sacred Channel. Then again, the potential danger of a German air attack is a real one to the British, now that the Nazis are openly building up air strength. It has even been proposed in official circles to readjust the Belgian situation on a pre-war basis, that is, once more guarantee the neutrality of Belgium, only this time to include Holland and the air above both the Low Countries. In a few years, if some major catastrophe has not already smashed up the Continent, Leopold's synthetic buffer kingdom may again be the battleground of European imperialisms.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1934, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. N. BRAILSFORD JOHN DEWEY JOHN T. FLYNN
WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD
GILBERT SELDES R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

The Literary Life in Russia

IN MOSCOW I felt a special curiosity about the adjustment of the artist, the writer, the theatre worker, to life under the Soviets. Were they "artists in uniform" as is so often alleged? They seemed neither to suffer nor to have regrets. And they spoke to me of their work, work most often bound up with what we call "propaganda," with so much genuine enthusiasm and earnestness that the notion of their being coerced seemed more and more mythical. They themselves alluded good-humoredly to the legend of heavy-handed Bolsheviks standing over Russian artists with clubs as a typical bedtime story for the more or less grown-up children of the bourgeoisie.

To writers and artists, the march of the social revolution in Russia has attached to itself the highest romance and a kind of modern heroism. The winning of Siberia—their own Great West—the building of new industrial cities in the steppes or the mountains, of railroads, of air-lines, the explorations in the Arctic Ocean for a north passage, and finally the unheard-of revolution of the land by means of machinery and technology, all this summed up contributes to the heroic character of the Soviet program. In America, if I may make an analogy with our own recent history, we too celebrated, after our own Civil War, the industrial transformation of our country and the conquest of the frontier. We made national holidays, brought forth brass bands and held banquets when bridges, railroads or steel mills were completed. But in our case the great public works were directed by plunderers for their own private profit. The holidays were too often followed by scandal and shame. The exploited people took no pride after a time in Mr. Jay Gould's bridge or Mr. Vanderbilt's tunnel. But what if all such works had been planned and built by socialist statesmen? Perhaps our writers and artists would have celebrated them instead of taking flight to Europe in order to "save their souls."

In Russia, at any rate, the artist feels no clash between his own idealism and that of the people who carry on the work of socialist construction. He is at one with them; he would take his part in the great advance rather than shut himself up in his study to write of roses and sunsets. However, I heard of no prohibition of such luxurious labor. A writer of almost any kind could find a medium of publication, among the many existing, if he wrote well enough.

In a visit with Comrade T——, playwright and novelist, whose works have been translated into many languages and one of whose plays was produced some years ago in New York, I encountered one who is probably an extremist among Soviet

authors. He is over six feet tall, fair, and some forty years of age. Everything about him is orderly and precise. His long, extraordinary head, partly bald and close-cropped, gives the effect of smooth ivory. The pockets of the sport costume he wears are opened and closed with zippers. He is in every sense a modern character. Literature, he tells me, must henceforth be based on *facts*. "Nothing must be made up out of a writer's head. That is finished." —The facts ostensibly should be drawn from the continuous revolution going on. What better subject? It is "history in the making." He works at the pace of the journalist, writes for the people in popular newspapers and pamphlets; later the articles are all made up into books. For each piece reflects the one common theme: the advance of the revolution in city and country, in all its phases.

"The Bolshevik revolution made me," he says. "Earlier, in my youth, I was the poet of my provincial circle, the ornament of my town. I wrote twenty-five hundred poems on fairy princesses, all of which I took out of my head. (He pointed to his ear.) Now I write about facts. I am writing about the *kolkhoz*. . . ."

To him the collectivizing of the land in Russia was something rivaled in importance only by the Industrial Revolution of the eighteenth century. Comrade T—— traveled about the country, recording events in the agrarian "factories," organizing newspapers, house organs or bulletins needed by the thousands of workers congregated in them. Everywhere in these collectives, as in the new industrial cities, a cry went up for reading matter of all kinds. The Russian masses were becoming literate at a faster rate than the writers could cope with. There wasn't enough paper to supply the need; there weren't enough hands to write. The Russian writer (believe it or not) lived in the midst of a terrible boom, and was up to his neck in work.

Comrade T—— was also busy training young writers and editors, revising their articles. In his spare time he turned out books or plays of his own. "If only I had ten pairs of hands or ten heads," he exclaimed. "If only I could find enough new men and women to send out. Astounding things are happening. In the collectives alone there is magnificent material which is almost untouched." This athletic-looking man was indeed a dynamo; the mountain of his pamphlets and books, all done in the last two or three years, was impressive enough. And his material rewards for such labor, eleven or twelve hours a day, were not to be despised. His spacious two-room apartment, decorated in modern style, was one of the best to be had in crowded Moscow. On his table were choice fruits, so rare in Russia, butter, cakes, cold meats of all sorts.

Certain of my questions to Comrade T—— referred to the possible danger of turning oneself into a reporting machine by laboring for twelve hours a day over the stories of countless factories and agricultural collectives. What about the rest of life, what about the enjoyments of *l'homme moyen sensuel*, one tended to ask. And besides, it seemed doubtful if Westerners and especially Americans could feel the enthusiasm over mechanical progress that Russians showed.

But in the bourgeois countries, Comrade T—— answered, technology was old, and directed to profit-seeking. It was nothing to wonder about if capitalists built a new power-house or a new factory. But each construction by socialist workers and engineers, in the Russian view, meant a step forward for all humanity, a fresh victory in the struggle to "build socialism." And when the workers showed that they shared in great measure this creative feeling, how could the artists fail to become infected with it?

The indifference to such things seen in capitalist countries, Comrade T—— went on, resulted from capitalist social conditions which truly involve "forced labor." Here he was plainly turning the tables on the critics of Bolshevism. Forced labor was labor in which the great majority found no interest nor hope of collective advantages, but from which a few fore-handed, moneyed persons drew the lion's share. There men were truly the "slaves of machines," bound to endless, planless and senseless exploitation. "Hence," he concluded, "your typical citizen in a bourgeois society dreams of a millennium in which he will only have to work two hours a day at his office or factory, and have twenty-two hours of leisure from 'forced labor' in which he may devote himself to his hobby: collecting songbirds, postage stamps or rare books. But to a Bolshevik this would be intolerable. His work is creative, it is unselfish. . . . We would be as indignant if we were limited to working two hours a day as your collector of songbirds or rare books if his 'leisure time' were so restricted."

Other men of letters and artists with whom I talked shared the same views as Comrade T——, worked just as hard and prospered no less. For there are no bankers in this country, and their banishment has made room for writers, film directors or pedagogues in such places of honor and preferment as were once held by the money-changers. But the other men were as a rule less dogmatic and doctrinary than T——; admitted, unlike him, that they deprecated too great haste in writing, and were concerned with effects of literary finish—or if they were plastic artists, of technical perfection and high craftsmanship.

For instance, Serge Eisenstein, the brilliant film-director, who is a rigid Marxist, said to me of a certain too obviously propagandist film: "It is not craftsmanlike, not artistic enough, not true enough. The purpose of the director was a right one, but his technique was faulty." Moreover, Eisenstein affirmed as vehemently as anyone else the obligation

of the artist to consecrate his labor to the revolutionary social program. I recalled at this point the function of the artist in the Christian Church. Eisenstein contended: If under the sharply defined traditions, orders and discipline of the Christian Church in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance artists could freely produce a sublime architecture, painting and sculpture (and often working collectively or even anonymously), then surely there was place and opportunity no less ample under the Soviets. He and his confrères reminded me forcibly of Flaubert's sentence: "Literature is an ocean vast enough for me!" But they each seemed to be saying: "The *revolution* is an ocean vast enough for me!"

One day I rode an hour out of Moscow to a village almost buried in snow, but full of the sunlight that was so rare in the capital. Here lived the painter L——, who had been a friend of mine ten years before, when he had been sent abroad to Germany for a time. Then (during the NEP period), although he was a loyal partisan of the revolution, I had seen little difference between him and artists of other lands, save in his individual traits. He had been a man of temperament and delicate nerves, sophisticated, dominated by the high ambitions and torments of the true craftsman. But now he was deeply changed. Like the other men I had talked with, he was enrolled with all his mental and plastic baggage in the service of the great war for socialism in Russia.

He spoke no more to me of easel-painting, though artists are free, I was given to understand, to use half their working time to paint whatever they wish and place it on sale. It was as if he had put such interests aside for the present, or for a long time. I recalled what certain other young Russians had said to me in this connection: "This has been a period of self-sacrifice and self-denial which we have all borne voluntarily because we knew that it would be worthwhile." For L——, who had always been an unusually versatile and accomplished technician, was sorely needed in specialized fields like engraving, design, illustration; thus, though a chronically ill man, he gave himself with his whole heart to the work of mass publicity that the socialist program demands in Russia just as surely as the sale of automobiles and deodorants demands it in America. Many of the finely graphic maps, charts and posters which make startlingly clear to the man in the street the barometric rise and fall of the national plan, come from the hand of L——, whose abstracts were admired in New York galleries as well as in the museums of Western Europe.

In L—— as in the others I felt the universal enthusiasm for the Russian adventure. He tells me: "We are beginning to gather the fruits of so much effort and self-sacrifice; we are beginning to reap the dividends. . . . You can have no idea of how much better life goes on now, of what has been done for our people." He speaks of the new cities,

the canals, of Tadjikistan and new Mongolia. But suddenly, with a wild light, almost of gloating passion, in his eyes, he exclaims: "And we are beginning even to make wonderful papers, pure printing inks—just a little. Our technique is fast improving. Soon you will see what great work we'll do here."

In the novelist Comrade V——, who was only thirty-two, I met one of those quiet, confident, self-possessed Bolsheviks who impressed me so strongly in Moscow. He was a Communist, as were most of his confrères whom I met in his home—this was not the case with the far more doctrinary and methodical T——, the author who wore zippers. Here during several gatherings, the conversation was carried on in French. I must note, by the way, that only in Paris, a year or two after the World War, had I found the talk, the literary life, so vivacious and brilliant as in such circles as V——'s, in Moscow. Moscow, vibrant, crowded metropolis, with its sixty professional theatres, its numberless publications, its eager throngs, its restless brains and late hours, Moscow becomes now the *ville lumière* which was Paris. Moreover, the foreign sympathizers, the swarm of distinguished and courageous exiles driven in by the new pro-consuls of barbarism, all quickly absorbed into the work of the country rather than festering idly as foreign colonies, give its intellectual circles a pronounced international character whose life and ferment no fascist capital can rival. Besides, Russians have always shown uncommonly charming and lively traits in their social life. It would be the height of stupidity to believe for a moment that the Communists, far more intelligent as a class than the dominant pre-war classes, would not know how to amuse themselves in their hours after work.

V—— and his friends were interested in the possibility of adapting the historical novel—the medium of Walter Scott, and a very estimable one—to the use of a modern Marxist literature. V—— had just published a historical novel dealing with the recent development of cotton culture in a very picturesque province of the South. His book had been successful, as a first edition of a mere six million copies testified. But V——, unconcerned at this, was now thinking chiefly of the new literary and sociological problems evoked by the momentous events taking place every day in Russia.

There was the newly completed Bielnostroy Canal. The Bolsheviks, it is significant to note, do not speak of their achievements nowadays until they are finished. Now for some twenty months an army of 100,000 men and women had been engaged in digging a canal 224 kilometers long from Leningrad, on the Baltic Sea to Soroka, an all-year port on the White Sea. This project had involved a mighty struggle with the elements; there were difficulties with material and technique; hundreds of lives were lost. But through summer and winter the army pounded away until, at the end of 1933, the completion of Bielnostroy was finally announced

in time for the Congress of the All-Russian Soviets. But what was most remarkable was the fact that the work had been accomplished in great part by thousands of former thieves, vagabonds, rebellious kulaks, saboteurs, under the command of the O.G.P.U. Great numbers of the former rebels and thieves had been infected with the conquering spirit of the whole socialist army; many of them had proved themselves *udarniks*, that is, "shock-workers," had become converted, honored, decorated, restored to citizenship.

Here, as V—— exclaimed, was a "romance of the masses" which should make an immediate, irresistible appeal to writers and historians. At the invitation of the O.G.P.U., which furnished a whole steamship, a large company of writers had set forth upon a tour of observation through the canal. The problem for them was to compose collectively a documentary history, a literary monument to the Bielnostroy Canal. There were thirty-four of them, headed by Maxim Gorky and including V—— and two others whom I met at his home. They studied the construction camps, interviewed hundreds of workers, took notes of their records and biographies. Moreover, the Tcheka had opened its archives to them for the first time. A multitude of ethical and human problems, new aspects of social psychology, appeared before the writers every day. There was an overwhelming amount of material.

They decided to attempt to work as rapidly and as well as the canal workers. On their return to Moscow, a committee of three was chosen which outlined the subject and plan, and then discussed these with all the writers participating in full convention. Chapters or themes were allotted according to the preference of individuals; the work was then subjected to individual criticism, read before the general meeting again, revised, and finally combined in a book of some 500 pages, the individual contributions to which were left anonymous.

It has been said, and rather carelessly, that the new Russians are "crazy" about mechanism and technology. But mechanism under the Soviets is not a blind, uncontrolled thing; it has a creative, purposive character and is imbued with a moral atmosphere totally different from and far superior to that known in the West. The experience for one hundred and sixty million people of having the advantages of industrialism steadily introduced and pressed upon them by socialist statesmen (instead of money barons) makes a glamorous page of human history. I feel that henceforth the Russians will take their industrialism only upon these terms, and that China and India will do likewise.

But although I am convinced that Russian artists have the right objective, I feel less certain that their execution is adequate. My small knowledge of literature in the U.S.S.R. is based on translations of certain recent works and on much playgoing (with interpreters) while in Moscow. Their mood is one of affirmation, with good reason, just as in Amer-

ica the spirit logically moves toward a destructive pessimism. As far as I went, I failed to be greatly impressed. I found the theatre enormously interesting as a medium of political enlightenment; I saw superb stagecraft and *mise-en-scène*, but only one fine play: "Rasbick," a picture of the struggle for the *kolhoz* among the wild Don Cossacks.

The explanation may be that the Soviet writers are too close to world-shaking events, that they cannot always distinguish the forest for the trees. One feels at once in Russia that the revolutionizing tempo has not slackened for a moment. In such periods of dynamic disturbance and violent change it is not easy to keep one's perspective or sense of proportion. To represent what is passing before our eyes in Russia in a form that will remain literature for years to come would need a truly genial, disinterested and prophetic vision. Now in our time we have seen this done, chiefly by certain men such as Proust and Joyce, with respect to an epoch that was completed and crystalized rather than one that was in the making. In the contemporary Russian literature and theatre there seems to be too much sheer *rapportage*, too much mere paraphernalia and detail, too many of the guns, factories and tractors of the current revolution, and too little epitomization of its heroic twentieth-century mythology, its essential morale, its *moeurs* in action.

In a current play, "Moye Drug" ("My Friend"), at the Theatre of the Revolution, there is one scene of particular interest. It shows the visit of a young Russian factory director, who is having extreme difficulty in carrying out his task, to a Commissar of Finance in Moscow. The director clamors excitedly for money, materials, new machines. The high Bolshevik official, a large, bearded, bespectacled man, wearing a great cloak like that of a soldier, answers him in measured tones. At the moment he cannot extend further aid. The dispute becomes warmer. Finally in desperation the young man exclaims: "I am resigning as director; I am quitting the party!" and throws upon the Commissar's desk his red card.

Silence. A horror-stricken silence. In Russia, one senses, we have just witnessed a fearful action conceived in despair. What will the rather ominous-looking Commissar now do? He looks away. He is still. Finally he rises from his desk, buttons his great cloak about him, and moves toward the door as if to leave the room. He says: "I did not hear what you said about resigning; I did not see the party card that you threw on my desk." Grave words, spoken with a simple dignity, and with which the Commissar strides out of the room. Crest-fallen, the young engineer replaces the red card in his pocket and goes back to resume the struggle.

Here I had the feeling of having seen at least a touch of Bolshevik morality in action. It was worth the whole play to me. The play itself was a weak, undigested, rather idealized representation upon the stage of topical ideas about the struggle for the factory. It was not dramatic literature, despite

the remarkable stagecraft with which it was produced. At best, it had one or two suggestions of what Soviet literature might do.

Good Soviet literature, undoubtedly, will come. There has been too little time. But then, the Russians must be ranked among the instinctively artistic peoples in the world. In the meantime the non-fiction produced by the country on every side, the reports of audacious sociologists, explorers and technicians, have the fascination of imaginative literature. Likewise, certain extraordinary though artless chronicles in the daily press, done by workers or correspondents. Finally, the center of the stage at this period is being fully occupied by those remarkable political architects whom Russia produces in a considerable number and who command all her attention. During my stay in Moscow the successive public addresses of men like Stalin, Molotov, Kaganovitch, Kalinin and others on the progress of the Second Five Year Plan, despite their formidable array of statistics, had the effect, all unconsciously, of a sustained dramatic literature of a high enough order.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

Agony Has No Name

Misery has no shape
you cannot define it you cannot say it
agony has no name
you cannot speak it

Easier to see the color of the air
and to taste the wind
unhappy one give up your grief
as if it were a child

Let it grow beside you
as if indeed it were your shadow
let it walk from you
and have shadows of its own

Misery has no meaning
it has no syllables it is nothing
it is the stupid face of apprehension
open mouth that has no word

Easier to watch, in your own breast,
the fearful balancing of the heart
systole and then diastole
held breath between death and death

Let the heart decide it
as if indeed it were yourself
let it talk with you
have arguments of its own

O life defend us from this agony
deliver us from grief again
show us once more that it is only
our child conceived in pain.

CONRAD AIKEN.

Where Democracy Is a "Red Plot"

WHATEVER social changes take place in the course of the next years, it looks as if it will be practically impossible for historians to report the true nature of events. The cart has been put before the horse so often that cause and effect can hardly be untangled any longer. This is true of events everywhere, but the agricultural situation in California provides a particularly neat and clear example.

After the harvest strikes of last year, and the threatened war in Imperial Valley early this year, authorities could no longer ignore the situation, or leave it to "employers and employees" to work it out for themselves. Every American principle was being attacked, the right of free speech, free assembly, the right to strike and picket; lawyers in exercise of their legal duties were threatened, kidnaped, beaten, ridden from the county. Ten thousand lettuce and pea-pickers were refusing, in more or less spirited fashion, to pick fruit at wages of from nine cents to a dollar a day, drinking fetid water and living in insanitary camps that beggar description.

Investigation committees were sent into the Valley: impartial and partial. Private bodies of men and women, clergymen, professors, writers, students, members of the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A., lawyers and radicals and liberals, traveled about the tropical desert countryside, attended meetings, investigated migratory pickers' camps, interviewed pickers and police, sheriffs and shippers, union organizers and Mexican consuls. Their reports were issued.

There was the report of the Los Angeles Regional Labor Board; there was the report of the National Labor Board; there was the report of the "State Investigating Committee" sent in by the Farmers' Protective Association and the Farm Bureau Federation; and most recently, Federal Conciliator Brigadier-General Pelham D. Glassford. In between there have been constant reports of the American Civil Liberties Union, the International Labor Defense and investigating individuals.

The interesting fact comes out that in no instance have the reports differed on some of the main facts. The conditions under which the fruit and vegetable pickers work in the broiling sun of Southern California have not been disputed. All that have differed are the emphasis, the attitude and the recommendations. Thus it is not denied that the pickers have to drink their water out of irrigation ditches, that they have open privies or none at all, that their work is fluctuating, that they live in tents or burlap sacks, that they have to furnish their own gasoline and oil to go from ranch to ranch.

The cart and horse get mixed first when it comes to the language reporting these facts to the names

of various groups, and then to the desires of the groups investigating. It is only those on the spot or very close to it who can interpret and define what is meant by such terms as "stabilize costs," "fair," "American," "alien," "loyal workers," "disruptive or destructive activities," "trouble-makers," "agitator," "unbiased," "unwarranted strike," "law and order," "legitimate union."

Two unions claim the allegiance of the workers, the Communist Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union, and a disguised form of company union, the Mexican Workers' Association, founded by the Mexican Consul Joaquin Terrazas and forced on the pickers under the very simple threat that if they do not join they get no job. At first no American workers were taken into this union, but since that looked very like discrimination against their own nationals by patriotic and American lettuce-shippers in the Valley, the union has recently been widened to include Americans.

Now what is the situation? About 90 to 95 percent of farming in California is not independent farming, but farming by banks, shippers and finance companies. Crop speculators play a large part in fixing prices. Power companies' rates are unbelievably high; in the San Joaquin Valley one farmer testified before a fact-finding commission that of the \$20 an acre that it cost him to grow cotton, \$9 went to the water company. The usual figure given by growers for their water costs is 43 percent of their total expense. The independent growers—5 to 10 percent—and the tenant farmers are caught between two production costs, labor and charges; few of them can come out with great profits. They are in debt to the bank for seed and for interest on their loan; they have a crop mortgage; they are in debt to the power company, and are always under the threat that water or power will be cut off. Some reckon that bank charges, with extras, discrimination against the small farmer, and so forth, come to 30 or 40 percent. It is almost always the little tenant grower who sympathizes with the picker, but if he raises wages he is threatened by the finance companies. They have set the price for picking and the farmers have to play ball or . . . The real battle is thus between the finance and power companies and the workers, not between the actual ranchers and the workers.

I have asked a number of growers why they don't see that. "We do," they said, "but we can't change the fixed charges. We can hit labor; the Mexicans are ignorant and docile and will stand anything. They don't need high wages. They'd never squeak—if the Communist agitators didn't incite them."

Some years ago the finance interests lobbied in

Washington to get and keep cheap Mexican labor in the United States. A revealing speech by Mr. S. Parker Frisselle, of Fresno, who recently organized the Associated Farmers of California to "combat farm strikes," was made to a farmers' convention at Stockton at that time. He said:

For certain types of piece-work, squat labor and field work we need the Mexican, as well as for other types of labor that Americans cannot perform. We cannot afford to import the Filipino, for it costs \$100 to bring in each one, and that makes that source of labor too expensive. Furthermore, we cannot handle the Puerto Rican and the Filipino as we can the Mexican. And if we do not want the Mexican, he can be deported and we can send him home; but if we do not want the Puerto Rican and the Filipino we are absolutely helpless, as they are American citizens. . . . We need Mexican immigration to help stabilize our labor costs. In spite of all I have said, I do not want you to get the idea that what we want is cheap labor.

The farmers may have fought valiantly against cheap labor, but they got it. And ever since then their actions have tended to show that they mean to keep it, at whatever cost; literally, whatever the cost (including murder).

Some years ago union organizers started organizing the migratory workers of California. The A.F. of L. did not go into the field, admitting quite openly that there was nothing in it, the low-paid transients could not keep up union dues. So a Communist-led union came in, and last year its membership increased from 4,000 to 21,000.

The union has partially won a majority of its strikes. Of eleven spontaneous strikes in the same time, seven were partially successful. The union has raised wages, in the San Joaquin Valley alone adding half a million dollars to the wages of nearly 20,000 pickers. The money income of the farmers in 1933 was thereby decreased. But the unfortunate farmers managed none the less to earn \$7,000,000 more than they had in 1933. (These figures are from the Crop Service Report of the State Department of Agriculture.)

The big farmers and finance interests have not attempted to deny the essential facts; they have attempted to stir up prejudice, class and race feeling, split the workers and perfect an organization for smashing the union. Organizations sprang up over night; official and unofficial. Sheriffs and district attorneys met with heads of farm bureaus, bankers and chamber-of-commerce members. Vigilante groups were organized in every county, American Legion members were instructed, tear gas, riot equipment, billy clubs, pickaxe handles, shotguns and ammunition were unstintingly issued to volunteers and police forces. Farmers armed. Newspapers, local and metropolitan, raised a powerful "Red scare," in which they did not refuse to stoop even to declare (through the mouth of Mr. Clarence S. Morrill of the State Bureau of Criminal Identification) that dynamite was missing from C.C.C. camps and

C.W.A. projects, and "undercover men" in "Communist-controlled organizations" had reported that it was to be used by the Reds. Needless to say, the charges were not substantiated, and the dynamite was not used. But as a result a few more people have learned Hitlerism.

Simon J. Lubin, head of the California Bureau of Commerce, who had just returned from the National Labor Board's investigation of Imperial Valley, publicly referred to "inhumane living and working conditions," "water unfit to drink," "chiseling labor contractors," the company store (at which the workers have to buy, frequently with scrip, at prices 10 to 25 percent higher than in regular stores), to bombings and shootings of workers, personal violence indulged in by farmers, Vigilantes and their sheriffs, to threats, intimidation and browbeating of workers and "the virtual destruction in Imperial Valley of all forms of democratic government." He found several hundred lettuce-pickers who earned an average of 56 cents a day.

The answer of the farmers was to accuse Mr. Lubin of attacking California industries. Perhaps this was inspired by the fact that Mr. Lubin said, "If we can't guarantee an American standard of living we should not grow cantaloupes, lettuce and asparagus." He was not alone in this suggestion, however. Following on the advice of President Roosevelt that industries that needed the sweatshop had better go out of existence, it has frequently been suggested in California that, as sweated industries, peas, cherries, apricots, peaches, grapes, lettuce and artichokes should cease to be consumed.

The farmers have now resorted to some "classic demagoguery" to back the anti-picketing ordinances passed in twenty-two counties. These ordinances forbid free speech and assemblage, striking, picketing, demonstrations, parades, or even meeting and talking in the street. County supervisors have openly admitted that these are directed against the "agitators"—that is, the successful strike organizers. They are not against "legitimate unions." They have denounced "unwarranted strikes," which are, interpreted, strikes purposely timed to be most inconvenient to the employer. They are considering giving themselves greater emergency powers, so that, if the strikers seem likely to win, measures can be used to defeat them.

The report issued by the "strong, unbiased committee" composed of a notoriously anti-labor Assemblyman, the administrative assistant of the State Department of Agriculture and the dean of the University of California College of Agriculture (set up and largely financed by the Bank of Italy, which finances a large part of California farming), and ordered into the Imperial Valley by the Farm Bureau and Associated Farmers of California (headed by Mr. Frisselle), recommended that lawyers who defended workers be investigated by the state Bar. They recommended thorough investigation of Communist activities, etc. And in a very tiny voice, printed in light-face type at the end of the United

Press dispatch, the report recommended that the farmers "voluntarily" put their house in order, clean up the pickers' camps and see to sanitation, maybe even grant them pure drinking water.

Mr. Timothy Reardon, state director of Industrial Relations, has also busied himself about this angle and has reported that 118 out of 303 migratory pickers' camps investigated by his men were "in bad condition." Since Mr. Reardon telegraphed that "everyone in Imperial Valley was happy," when the United States government suggested sending in a federal conciliator, one does not have to suspect him of undue sympathy with Bolsheviks.

The anti-picketing ordinances are passed; the farmers are licensed to carry guns; munitions are in the hands of every Vigilante, policeman, sheriff and hired thug in California. The company union is organized; newspapers are primed with what they are to say, at least about Communists. It is a situation paralleled by that in Germany in March, 1933. Such emotion has been created that if the White House were blown up, the majority of California citizens would be certain that Communists, preferably members of the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union, were the men who had done it. One unidentified shot, one stick of dynamite that goes off in California, will have been fired or planted by Communists or organized fruit-pickers. A newspaper editor in California who stands up for "American" rights of free speech for workers, for classless legislation, is a communist. The editors of the Merced Sun-Star and the Monterey Peninsula Herald, both of whom tried to report strikes fairly,

are "Reds." In the apt words of Mr. Chester Williams, in California's agricultural valleys today "democracy is a Red plot."

Meanwhile, the army of migratory agricultural workers is being swelled daily by people taken off the relief rolls, by expropriated farmers and factory workers, by immigrants from other states. Men have been taken from federal shelters and put at strawberry and pea-picking (at wages of 90 cents a week and board); bums are taken off freight trains and sent into the fields to scab on pain of being jailed for vagrancy. Advertisements for pickers have appeared as far East as Oklahoma. Contractors get several thousand too many workers in any given area in preparation for the harvesting of the crop. In one area recently it was reported that a town constable would take no action against strikers because the workers had been brought into the area by a contractor two weeks early, and being destitute, as of course all migratory workers are when not actually picking, had had to be kept on relief for those two weeks by the county. "Let 'em strike," the constable is reported to have said.

And all this "trouble" is due, only, solely, without any exception, without doubt, in the words of the farmers' convention in Modesto, to the "carefully planned destructive activity" of the Communists. Any fruit-picker who asks for higher wages in California today is a Communist, and therefore doesn't mean that he wants more than 56 cents a day, but that he means to attack basic American institutions and overthrow the government with bombs and dynamite.

ELLA WINTER.

The Lynching of Norris Dendy

ON JULY 4, 1933, Norris Dendy was lynched in Clinton, South Carolina. The coroner's jury met and decided that he came to his death "at the hands of parties unknown." Was this just another lynching—the usual story of savagery and race hatred by the mob and of timidity or indifference on the part of the better white element? On the surface this would seem to be the case, but there are certain features that differentiate this from the common run of such cowardly mob crimes and may yet lead to justice of a sort being done in the case.

The Dendys were one of the leading Negro families of Clinton; too leading. Norris Dendy's parents, Young and Martha Dendy, a successful contractor and a hardworking laundress, had by dint of industry, saving and shrewd investment successfully reared and educated a family of seven children. The oldest is a physician in a Northern city. Three are high-school teachers, also away from home (Clinton has only one poorly equipped grade school and no high school for Negro students,

though its population is 60-percent Negro). Another son, disabled in the War, is in a military hospital. A daughter, Viola, and Norris lived at home, but Norris, too, had gone away to college, while many of the poor white boys he knew stayed at home. The climax of this irritation came when the older Dendys decided to build a house; a comfortable house, large enough for family reunions when all the children came home, situated on the outskirts of the white part of town where improvements were available.

One morning Mr. Dendy got an anonymous letter decorated with skull and crossbones:

You look good to us, if you build a house down there this is what you get you better build up where the rest of the dam niggers live. You getting too rich to be a nigger that dam mannish boy of yours will die soon. We are only giving you a warning we want to see a nigger stay in his place.

The "mannish boy" was Norris and the ruffian white element was in earnest about getting him

Twice he was arrested on a charge of receiving stolen goods, convicted in the local courts on the flimsiest evidence and acquitted on appeal. He was said to have hired the best lawyer in the county, another unheard-of piece of presumption in a Clinton Negro. In fact, Norris Dendy was guilty of one of the "usual crimes" that lead to lynching, which isn't rape but prosperity and self-confidence: "We want to see a nigger stay in his place."

Further persecutions followed. He was arrested a number of times, but he was always acquitted and he perversely refused to realize the gravity of his situation or to show fear. The situation was rapidly becoming unbearable when on the Fourth of July Norris at last gave the lynchers the excuse they wanted. On that day the Negroes of Clinton had a picnic on Lake Murray. Norris drove out one truck-load of picknickers and a white man, Marvin Lollis, drove another. In the afternoon a dispute arose between these two, said to be over the relative merits of their respective trucks. It seems probable that both of them had been drinking. When the dispute grew heated and Lollis burst into a storm of abuse, Dendy replied by striking him in the mouth. After that, he was a doomed man.

Dendy drove away in his truck, but Lollis or one of his friends immediately telephoned the police and Dendy was arrested at a small village, Davenport, on a charge of "reckless driving." Legally he should then have been taken to Laurens, the county seat, but instead the police promptly brought him back to Clinton, where two cells at the back of a police station served as a jail. His mother and his young wife came to see him there and pleaded vainly for his release on bail, but a police officer informed the elder Mrs. Dendy that Norris "couldn't pay out of this." It was the truth. Men began to mill around the jail. By nine o'clock a mob filled the police station and the street outside was lined with cars. No attempt was made by the police to protect their prisoner; on the contrary. Presently someone came bearing a coil of rope and this was the signal for someone else to unlock the door to Norris's cell. He seems to have put up a terrific fight, but he was dragged out, thrown into the back seat of a car and driven away at high speed.

Next day Norris's body was "discovered" a few miles out of town. He had apparently been half-strangled with the rope before they beat him to death. A number of Clinton men, including policemen, were known to everyone in Clinton to have been in the mob, but not one was named.

But this story is different. Norris had an older brother, Robert Dendy, employed in a federal office in New York City. Robert Dendy is another Negro who won't be warned or walk softly in the face of danger. When Robert learned of his brother's death he went down to Clinton and began investigating and seeking punishment for the lynchers. The state meanwhile was also "investigating." It sent two detectives from Columbia to Clinton.

Everyone knew who they were and what they were doing, for they were very open investigators. It was as much as a Negro's life was worth to be seen talking to them. Presently they returned to Columbia and made their report and shortly thereafter Governor Blackwood announced that Norris Dendy had been *murdered, not lynched*, by persons unknown. Under the law in South Carolina the family of any person lynched is entitled to \$2,000 damages. Also when prisoners are taken out of the custody of officers through the neglect or connivance of the latter and lynched, the law provides that such officers shall be deposed and be ineligible for office in the future unless they are pardoned. A pretty good law, for South Carolina, despite this loophole, and the only way to circumvent it completely is to find that the victims of lynchers are not lynched but murdered. So the family of the lynched person loses compensation and the county saves the money.

But Robert Dendy was dissatisfied with this report and with most unusual courage and persistence he kept on pressing for justice. He finally obtained an audience with the Governor for himself and his mother. This resulted merely in further gestures on the part of state investigators. Realizing the emptiness of such gestures, he returned to New York and through the N.A.A.C.P. obtained an investigator. This investigator stayed a week in Clinton, interviewing witnesses both white and Negro. A leading white citizen told her that most, if not all, the police force of Clinton took part in the lynching. The same witness also told her that immediately after the lynching he had gone to the jail and examined the lock on the door of Norris's cell; it had not been forced or changed, "it was the same lock that had been there for years."

Mr. Dendy brought three of these witnesses back to New York so that they might give their testimony freely with a minimum of danger. One of them, William Crawford, had already been compelled by the threats of members of the mob to leave Clinton. The affidavits of these witnesses were sent by Walter White, secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., to Governor Blackwood, with a letter urging him in the name of the N.A.A.C.P. to take immediate action. As a result, two of these witnesses eventually returned to South Carolina where, after a preliminary interview with the Governor, they went to Laurens with an escort of state-highway patrolmen to testify before a secretly called coroner's jury. Both of these precautions were apparently necessary. Negro witnesses against white people have sometimes met sudden and violent deaths—even when supposedly protected.

The members of the coroner's jury included friends and associates of the men in the mob. Both witnesses, however, as well as Norris's mother, Martha Dendy, and his wife, Amanda, testified to the presence and active participation in the mob of more than a dozen white men, including members of the police force. A sensational feature at this hearing was the surprise testimony of a white man,

F. A. Gedeist, who swore that he had seen Norris Dendy taken from the jail and placed in a car. In spite of his naming the men involved, the coroner's jury decided that Norris Dendy had come to death at the hands of "parties unknown." This was on February 17, 1934.

On February 19, 1934, however, murder presentments against five Clinton men were drawn and placed before the grand jury by solicitor Homer S. Blackwell. The men named were Marvin Lollis, P. M. Pitts, Hubert Pitts, Ray Pitts and J. Pitts Ray. After hearing the witnesses against these men, the grand jury adjourned without taking action—a typical Southern procedure. As Arthur Raper stated in his book, "The Tragedy of Lynching," of all the thousands who have tortured and done human beings to death in lynching mobs, only forty-nine have ever been indicted and only four have received further punishment. Will the lynching of Norris Dendy be just one more such outrage and its perpetrators—all of them—go free? Perhaps. And yet the courage and devotion of Robert Dendy brought about these five grand-jury presentments, an almost unheard-of occurrence in such circumstances. If the matter is allowed to rest there, the grand jury that meets again in June may once more proceed according to form and either dismiss the cases or fail to consider them at all. But if on the other hand sufficient publicity and pressure can bring South Carolina to a "decent respect for the opinion of mankind," something remotely resembling justice may yet be done about the lynching of Norris Dendy.

MARTHA GRUENING.

Dillinger Puts on a Show

THE USUAL crowd was moving up and down the streets. The leafless trees in the city square, with a faith not given to human beings, remembered spring. But spring in Iowa comes and then it doesn't. One day it is warm and the next day it is cold. The trees pay no attention to this. The crowds get used to it. People walked around the square. A small crowd, a sort of overflow, came out of the cigar store across from the square and looked around for the loafer's sun. At one corner of the square was a public toilet and here an uneven stream of farmers and townsfolk came and went. A large stone marker and a monument commemorating something to do with the Civil War broke the vague greenness of grass in the square park.

Around the square were three hotels, the courthouse, which also housed the jail and was the headquarters for policemen, stores and the First National Bank. That is the way Iowa towns are arranged. In the cigar store the proprietor was joshing a customer. In the courthouse the police were discussing traffic ordinances. In the hotels a few guests were lounging in the lobbies. In the bank the president, the cashier and the clerks were get-

ting ready for the three o'clock closing—or thinking of it anyhow.

At 2:45 P.M. seven men walked over to the bank and looked at their wrist watches. They were dressed like average citizens—they might have been average citizens, except that six looked like gentlemen and one like a tough. They were dressed as any young men on the street might dress. They looked like men with manners. At 2:45 P.M. they walked into the First National Bank and told the clerks and the customers that they were being robbed. The clerks and customers had to be told—for didn't these men look like any of the young men that worked in the town? The bank guard in his glass cage—it was bulletproof according to sales talk, except that it couldn't stand the constant hammering of bullets, it could resist one shell, perhaps, but not fifteen—the bank guard was ordered from his cage. He fired. But the robbers answered with a few shells. The bank guard turned as white as a sheet. He was scared to death. One robber went out and got a machine gun and made the guard come down.

Someone fired tear-gas guns. The president ran for his office, but the bandits fired on him and brought him out like a dog from his hole. The customers and clerks were all lined up with guns pointed at them. Some of the men carried a pistol in one hand and a machine gun in the other. The customers, the cashier, the clerks, the president and the guard—they didn't have a chance.

But outside the show was going on. In two minutes five thousand people—no one counted them, but there must have been that many—stood on the corner and watched the bandits. No one raised his voice. No gun was fired. The customers in the bank were taken outside and lined up. They were told what would happen to them if they tried to get away. "Hey, there, Hank," they waved at friends. The crowd laughed and giggled. A shot was fired from the judge's office above the bank. Quick as thought a south-paw bandit drew his gun and fired over his shoulder. The judge hid below the window sill. A policeman came running across the square from the courthouse. A bandit saw him. He fired. The policeman settled down beneath the stone monument and waited till it was over. He never came out till the bandits were gone.

The taxi bell on the corner rang. A woman some blocks from the bank heard there was a robbery. She wanted to see it. Would the taxi driver come quick? He would and he charged her for it. He missed a good show. He left his passenger half a block from the bank and she complained because he didn't bring her closer.

Two of the bandits on the outside were gentlemen; one was a tough. He didn't smile at the audience. He scowled. He pushed the people aside with the point of his gun. He ordered cars away from the parking place in front of the bank. He knew a lot of words that went with swearing.

The other two smiled politely as they officiated.

The tear gas finally drove the bandits out. They had taken only \$52,000 when they might have got \$200,000. When they got into their cars they forced customers and others to stand on the running board or hang on the back over the extra tire. They politely told their hostages what they were to do. The hostages knew what would happen if they didn't. But the bank robbers were polite.

The proprietor of the cigar store was compelled to hang on to the back of the car. The wind blew his coat-tails across the window and the bandits cursed him and told him not to obstruct the view. It must have been the tough bandit that cursed. But when the car drove along at a slow pace—five miles an hour—and a woman complained of being sick, the bandits very politely stopped the car and let her out. The police followed the cars into the country, but after one shot from the bandits they gave up and came home.

But the people had a good show. Some of them had never seen a bank robbery. Some of them liked the looks of the boys doing the robbing. They were young. Some were handsome. They had a lot of nerve. You had to give them credit. They had everything planned out and it worked slick. Everything went like clockwork. At 2:45 P. M. they looked at their wrist watches and at 3:00 the bank closed and they were gone. The crowd could watch from hotel windows, from places in the square—there were benches there—and the streets were filled. Five thousand people saw the robbery. They followed the cars out of town. The news went around quickly and they all came down to see it. It was a big show.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY.

Mason City, Ia.

Washington Notes

A Dangerous Clash—Who Will Defend the N.R.A.—The Ambiguous Surrender in Silver—"Agricultural Hitlerism"

THE EXPLOSIONS that followed the Darrow report and Johnson's and Richberg's replies still shake the administration. In the judgment of everyone with a judgment worth talking about, they will continue to shake it for a considerable time to come. Regardless of the merits of the Darrow attack and the N.R.A. answer, it is entirely plain that this is not one of those transient controversies. It will not pass wholly out of the public memory in a week. It is not one of those clashes between subordinates, which the President can treat with a tolerant smile, settling it, as he did the Peek-Tugwell feud of last year, by shifting one recalcitrant to another field, giving him a resonant title and an empty and futile job. On the contrary, there is every indication that this is one of those blazes that cannot be extinguished and that in the end will be sufficiently devastating to compel either the dismantling of the whole N.R.A.

In either eventuality there seems to a calm mind no place for General Johnson. It is the considered opinion of practically everyone with whom I have talked that a situation has now been created where the liability of the General to the Roosevelt administration is too heavy to carry much longer. In refusing to recognize this fact, the President is ensuring himself a vast lot of avoidable trouble. The whole business has a bad taste. Holding the Darrow report for weeks so that it could be simultaneously answered with characteristic violence by the General did not sit well on people generally. To ask men to accept the job of reporting to the President on the operations and policies of an administration agency, obviously working badly, and then, because their report is of a character distasteful to the operators, to adopt methods designed to nullify its effect and confuse the issue seems an extraordinary procedure and one not calculated to ensure further service from independent men in the future.

The net effect, of course, has been to create deep resentment and hostility, both within and without the organization. So far as the public is concerned, I think the impression has been deepened that the N.R.A. is in an unmanageable mess. In the circumstances, no other impression is possible. Because of the fierce clash between the men involved and the simultaneous release by the President of some 20,000 words, about evenly divided between accusation and denial, it is impossible to understand exactly what it is all about. Darrow's board was created to combat just such confusion; unfortunately the sole result has been to make matters worse. It is entirely clear to me that unless the whole business is overhauled, the N.R.A. and General Johnson will be one of the main issues in the coming campaign.

Senator Nye made this plain enough in his Senate speech, in which he denounced the "military arrogance" of Johnson and urged a complete house cleaning of the organization. Moreover, if the General and his outfit are retained in their present positions, they will find few defenders among Democratic candidates for reelection in any of the states. The lack of Democratic defense of the N.R.A. and its director during this session of Congress has been one of its most significant features. Not a voice has been heard in its support, outside of Senator Joe Robinson's, and since Robinson is the official Senate floor leader, his position compels him to defend every administration act and agency. Yet even he, in this and in various other instances, has done so with an obvious lack of conviction.

The truth is that the twist given the basic policies of the N.R.A. turned it in the wrong direction, but with the temperament of General Johnson nothing else was possible. It would have been better for the administration and better for him had he got out before the shooting really began. It is, of course, much more difficult for him to get out now and much more difficult for the President to find a new man to take his place. Still, it seems to be the general feeling that the thing has to be done, and it is certainly no secret that this feeling has been held for a good many months by most of the liberals in the administration.

Aside from the Darrow-Johnson-Richberg affair, the matter of most interest recently has been the President's

mendations into effect. There is no space here to dwell upon the merits or practicability of the President's scheme, even if I were enough of an economist to deal with them in a profound and pontifical manner. The outstanding thing is that it is a compromise, a typical illustration of the President's tendency not to be one thing or the other. Naturally, neither the friends of silver nor the adherents of the gold standard are satisfied. From the latter's journalistic camp there issue apprehensive editorials pointing out that the sense of instability has been increased just at the time when the nation needs more than anything else a feeling of stability. The message and bill are said to be a "surrender" and the concessions made are regarded as dangerous. Further, the whole scheme is futile; nothing can be done without international agreement; and despite the President's declaration that negotiations with "some of our neighbors" are already under way, there is, they say, hardly a sign that "our neighbors" are responding to them.

On the silver side, the more forceful men, such as Senator Borah of Idaho, are deeply disappointed, and regard the steps proposed by the President as ineffectual and hardly worth while. Some of these have not hesitated to say so, and a reading of the President's message seems to justify them. If ever there was an evasive message from a President of the United States, this, it seems to me, is it. Nowhere does he definitely commit himself to anything. It is studded with perhapses and maybes. It uses the word "ultimately" so often that only one conclusion is possible: he has no intention of using the power requested except as a last resort, or, in other words, until he has to.

It is, to be sure, an advance for the silver people to obtain a commitment to change our metallic base to 25-percent silver and 75-percent gold. It also means something to have the price of silver fixed at 50 cents, but, beyond this, there is little to make them cheer, since they have no assurance that the President will take any real step toward a full nationalization of silver. On the contrary, the tone of his message is taken to mean that he will not take such a step, except, of course, "perhaps" or "ultimately."

In the meantime the Treasury has been buying silver and selling some gold. This fact, which seemed not to have been known at all, completely upset the financial experts of the press, who burst out with many bewildering and complicated reasons why this had been done—some of them not very complimentary to the judgment of Mr. Morgenthau. There is no nourishment in further pursuit of the subject.

There is just space left to touch upon the fact that a new fight on an administration measure, only developed within the last few days, probably will be in full blast before this is printed. The measure under attack is that introduced by Senator Smith of South Carolina at the request of Secretary Wallace and endorsed by the President. It is supposed merely to "clarify" the present Agricultural Act but, in reality, it considerably extends the authority of the administration. From the conservative Democrats in the Senate and from all the regular Republicans come cries that the freedom of the farmer is at stake, that the administration is setting up an agricultural Hitlerism.

Perhaps the bill may be defeated, though at this writing, with the support of the progressives and the unswerving administration Democrats, it looks fairly sure of passage. To

be sure, the bill goes much beyond mere clarification; it confers on the Secretary of Agriculture a power that did not exist before. The choice, however, seems to be between abandoning altogether the effort to solve the agricultural problem or going the extreme limit, which involves arbitrary authority. It is well understood that Mr. Wallace himself is averse to going the limit and he has said he does not expect fully to use the powers conferred. The administration has asked for a lot of powers on the assurance that it is never, never going to use them. It promises to be quite a fight.

Washington.

T. R. B.

Other People's Money

A Little Lesson in Voting Stock—Selling Everything but Control—Ways Around the Securities Act

THE Federal Trade Commission has been having a look at the affairs of Mr. Henry L. Doherty and that monster child of his financial genius—the Cities Service Company. What the Commission turned up recalls another bit of information revealed by Mr. Pecora's investigation of the Stock Exchange. Slowly scraps of this sort come to the surface and can be fitted together to make an illuminating mosaic of our financial scene.

First, it will be interesting to clarify what the Federal Trade Commission has disclosed. The Cities Service Company is a holding company and controls numerous power, oil and utility subsidiaries valued at a billion dollars. The Cities Service Company had some 543,306 stockholders in 1931. Of these 536,847 owned over 20,000,000 common shares in blocks of from one to 500 shares. This was 60 percent of the company's stock. Each share of common was entitled to one-twentieth of a vote, and all the common stock together had 1,584,350 votes. Mr. Doherty had some of these as an owner of 2,395,780 shares of common stock. But he also had a million additional votes which he enjoyed through the ownership of one million shares of preferred stock issued to him by the company in 1929 at \$1 per share. In brief, Mr. Doherty's dollar-a-share preferred stock had twenty times as many votes as the shares for which other stockholders were paying from \$20 to \$68 in the open market.

Now let us fit into this picture the stray facts from the Pecora investigation. Mr. Doherty had this block of one million preferred shares issued to him in March, 1929. About the same time he sold 200,000 shares of common stock at a profit of \$17,000,000. In other words, he sold for around \$20,000,000 some 200,000 shares with 10,000 votes, then bought a million freshly issued shares—with a million votes—for \$1,000,000. This is a choice glimpse into corporate politics.

But how was he able to sell 200,000 shares for \$20,000,000? By reason, of course, of the enormous inflation in values of stocks in 1929. And this in turn was because of the flood of credit pumped into the market by big corporations, which insisted on pouring money into Street loans after the banks began to call a halt. Now, one of the corporations that was a heavy lender of money to Wall

Street for stock-market loans was the Cities Service Company. Mr. Pecora showed that its market loans in 1929 aggregated \$285,000,000. Of course, these loans had the effect of boosting the prices of Cities Service stock, and while the prices were soaring under these influences Mr. Doherty was able to cash in on the sale of less than one-tenth of his assets to the tune of \$20,000,000.

Doherty's reason for having the Cities Service Company issue to him a million preferred shares at a dollar a share, each with a full vote, is interesting. It directs attention to an old friend of ours—a friend that will bear watching now for two important reasons. This friend is the investment trust. Doherty declares that these million shares were issued to him to protect the corporation from the depredations of those marauding bands then roving the country with investment-trust funds buying up control of banks, utilities, corporations of all sorts. Of course, Doherty was thinking about protecting, not so much the corporation, as his own control over the corporation. Nevertheless, it is easy to understand the very natural and human desire of a man who had built up a vast business institution to keep it from passing into the hands of a group of upstart adventurers who were operating without scruple and with almost no interest in the fundamental underlying industries involved, but only in the exploitation of the shares of these industries for quick profits.

That condition prevails today. Nothing has been done to prevent the adventurous investment-trust promoter from operating just as he did in 1929.

I spoke above of a second reason for watching the investment trust. Within the week we have had an experiment in finance. The Securities Act makes regulations to

control the public offering of securities. The issue must be registered and a mass of information must be furnished. A group of bankers are now putting out an \$8,000,000 issue of B.M.T. bonds in New York. But they will not register the offering. The jurisdiction of the federal government over such issues is based on the interstate use of the mails and the authority over interstate transactions. But these bankers plan to make no interstate use of the mails. They will put out no advertisements, issue no statements or literature, so they will not be using the mails. There will be nothing to register. There will be no public offering. The bonds will be sold privately, largely by word of mouth, and absorbed by half a dozen large investment institutions.

This brings us back to the investment trust. It is inevitable, if the Securities Act is not emasculated, that bankers will turn more and more to private, as distinguished from public, offerings. And this presupposes the development of large investment institutions, capable of absorbing such offerings. The investment trust is the logical type. So the system works in England. An investment banker with ten or fifteen millions of bonds can go to five or six or more large investment trusts and dispose of the whole offering. In England the investment trust is free of banker control and deals at arm's length with the banker and can, through its own auditors, obtain all the information required for a sound investment. But in this country the investment trusts have been dominated by the investment banker. And now there will be this additional reason why he will seek to control them. Obviously there will be equally strong reasons from the public point of view why the investment trusts must be protected from the banker. But so far our states have made no attempt to deal with this situation.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

The Life of a Longshoreman

[When the longshoremen's strike on the Pacific Coast began, a committee of students of the University of Washington was appointed by Hugo Winkenwerder, president of the University, to investigate the relation of students to the strike.—THE EDITORS.]

SIR: The first place employers went to obtain strike-breakers was the University of Washington. All fraternity houses were contacted and students requested to cut their classes and participate in a labor difficulty of which they had absolutely no knowledge. Employers guaranteed them board and room and wages higher than those offered longshoremen. Students were provided free taxi service to work. More enterprising employers sent boats to the university docks to pick up student strike-breakers, but the Dean of Men prevented the boats from docking.

Once on the waterfront, student strike-breakers were housed in boats tied to the docks. Excellent food, brand-new sheets and blankets and first-class Negro valet service convinced many that the life of the longshoreman was not so bad as they had believed.

The strike proved dangerous to lives, however. Two young men lost theirs on account of inexperience. Strikers injured very few strike-breakers before the general shut-down, which followed a waterfront clean-up of a mob of from two to four thousand men, although youths suffered beatings while running the gauntlet formed by strikers to permit their escape.

WHITNEY H. WASHINGTON.

About Ernest Bloch

SIR: Mr. Paul Rosenfeld's somewhat premature obituary of Ernest Bloch's creative powers [The New Republic, April 25] prompts me to express my personal regrets at observing in an old friend the truth of De Pachmann's opinion of critics in general.

Mr. Rosenfeld has at times been an eloquent commentator on music. Not being myself a musician or an artist, I can say I have read him with great respect. His opinion, I trust, is that of a sensitive human being as well as a musicologist. However, his late article bears the mark of little or none of either. It takes little intellect to see that the expression of Rosenfeld on Bloch's "Service" is not musical criticism. It is a rather pompous dissertation, born of frustration perhaps, saying nothing of the music.

"Passionless, tiresome, old-fashioned." Could Mr. Rosenfeld possibly allow the last to classify his existence! It now seems evident from previous articles of Mr. Rosenfeld's on various subjects that he lives in an exact world of "the old-fashioned" and "the modern." Somewhat like the bad and the good. What a pity it is that we all did not have the real Rosenfeld speak as he has in the past. . . .

IVAN BLOCH.

Long Island City, N. Y.

SIR: My good friend Mr. Ivan Bloch's very natural dissatisfaction with my remarks about his famous father's "Service" appears to have made him overlook my distinct statement of my

are all things that have little or nothing to say." Previously, I mentioned its want of freshness.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

New York City.

Hillyer, Wheelwright and Academicians

John Wheelwright said that Robert Hillyer, whose "Collected Verse" won the [Pulitzer] poetry award, was "his generation's most accomplished academician," but he doesn't like academicians. Wheelwright is probably one of the many poets who felt strongly that the award should have gone to Hart Crane's "Collected Poems," which appeared during the same year.—*The New Republic*, May 16, 1934.

SIR: No, I don't like academic poetry, but I like Robert Hillyer, and I don't dislike having him paid for his work. What I dislike in Hillyer's "Collected Verse" is the absence there of the evidence of his natural taste for fresh butter and eggs, but I like to think that my adverse review of the political implications of his poetry helped to get him the Pulitzer Prize. Prizes shift the discussion of a poet from the question as to whether his writings are literature over to the question why his public likes him.

Hart Crane, who had the good judgment or fortune not to publish his "Collected Verse" during his lifetime, does not need any prize.

Don't let's get hot about poetry prizes. Let's find some better ways to get work paid for.

JOHN WHEELWRIGHT.

Boston, Mass.

Janesville Protests

SIR: In your issue of April 4, 1934, on page 214 ["Dear Mr. Editor," by James O'Neill], is a paragraph about Janesville, Wisconsin.

There is no truth in it except in that the banks were closed with the order of the President of the United States for a few days and then opened promptly.

The Chevrolet plant was never abandoned nor was the machinery removed. The plant was closed because of excessive taxes imposed by the Progressive party government of Wisconsin. It has been working since last fall as a unit of General Motors and now employs 3,000 men. . . .

STEPHEN BOLLES, Editor,
Janesville Daily Gazette.

Janesville, Wis.

[Mr. O'Neill's article was, as it stated, the view of a man "thumbing" his way and was not intended to disparage any particular community. During last summer, as Mr. Bolles admits, the Chevrolet plant was closed. We are sorry that Mr. O'Neill was in error in thinking that the machinery had been removed. Incidentally, we are perplexed by the reason assigned by Mr. Bolles for this closing: "excessive taxes imposed by the Progressive party government." Surely not all the automobile plants in conservative Michigan were running full blast at the time.—THE EDITORS.]

Women's Congress Against War

SIR: A World Congress of Women to work out plans for combatting fascism and war will take place in Paris, July 30. An American delegation to the Congress is now being organized by the American League Against War and Fascism, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City. Meetings to elect delegates are being held throughout the country, arousing an enthusiastic response among wide sections of the population who realize the danger of fascism and war throughout the world. Sympathizers with this movement can give it material help as donors (\$25 and upwards a year) or as supporting members (\$5 to \$25 a year). The American League Against War and Fascism is a non-party organization headed by Dr. Harry F. Ward. All contributions will be thankfully received. Make checks payable to Miss Anna

N. Davis, Treasurer, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City. The League will gladly furnish to interested parties all information about its activities.

MARGARET FORSYTH,
Chairman, American Section, International
Women's Congress Against War and Fascism.

New York City.

More Loaves for Fishes

SIR: I write to ask you can't you somehow pay the reviewers more money, because I don't think it is well enough known how much it is important for reviewers to eat right. They may think this and they may belong to the other, but never mind that because the main thing in the interests of fair criticism is not to have them all going around picking up lunches off stale lettuce salad and bony fish. Look at Sam Johnson—he used to have to live on rancid butter and beef-à-la-mode, and look at him. The English reviewers are on a diet of stale mutton pretty much. Look at them. New Republic, I think you ought to keep the boys away from these things and also raw hamburgers, as these things do not sit right, that is all.

WADSWORTH MULROONEY.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Extracts from Letters

W. SPRAGUE HOLDEN, associate editor of The San Francisco Argonaut, forwards us a copy of the May 18 edition of his paper containing an account of Louis Burgess' dismissal from Hearst's San Francisco Examiner (described in The New Republic of May 9). "You stated," he says, "that no publication on the Pacific Coast, with the exception of one published by Upton Sinclair, had published the facts. We are a little tardier in this matter than you were, but we do not now fall under your interdiction."

The International Labor Defense writes us as follows: "The appeal in the death sentences in the cases of Haywood Patterson and Clarence Norris has been prepared by the attorneys in the case. For this purpose \$2,500 is immediately needed for releasing from the printer the record and brief in these cases and \$1,500 for the expenses of the attorneys to argue the appeal. The I.L.D. appeals to all who have in the past contributed to the defense, to all who wish to see a successful conclusion to our fight to free the nine Scottsboro boys, to send to the Scottsboro Defense, Room 430, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York City, the very utmost that they are able to give, at once, today."

From China Alice M. Boring, professor of Biology at Yen-ching University, Peiping, writes to tell us that our information about the Chinese Soviets and our attitude of hostility towards Chiang Kai-shek both indicate that we are getting our Chinese news "from a very limited source. Many intelligent people disagree with your diagnosis." Her own, she adds, is based on fifteen years' residence in China and is in substantial agreement with a report of J. Leighton Stuart, president of Yen-ching University. She appends President Stuart's report, part of which follows: "The most significant political factor is the increased stability of the Central Government and the support given it by provincial leaders. The Fukien revolt was really the attempt of a few disgruntled politicians to overthrow Chiang Kai-shek rather than in any sense a popular movement. He was, however, diverted for the time from his determined efforts to suppress the communistic disorders of the neighboring province of Kiangsi, the capital of which, Nanchang, has become, as his headquarters, a sort of secondary capital of the nation, and is throbbing with progressive activities. I have just had occasion to visit him and his wife there and am thoroughly convinced that he is working devotedly for the welfare of his country and with higher ideals and a deeper sense of the responsibility of his position than at any previous time in his career. It is unfortunate that there is such widespread criticism and sus-

Passionately Kind and Angry

IN SOME ways there are parts of Mr. Palmer's volume, "The Comedy of Manners," that are happier than anything in his new study of Ben Jonson.¹ To say so may be a little thankless. It might be better to say that in the case of so vast and active a figure, admitted by all his England as the most stupendous scholar in it, I should like to see at times a heavier or more elaborate tone employed. Or shall I say that for some of Jonson's aspects I should like an approach more suggestive of the late, fat Renaissance that Jonson above all our authors represents. I should like, also, to see Jonson's relations with James I developed further. The time arrived when James was called the wisest fool in Christendom, but he was the most learned and in spots the most gifted of English kings; and he found Ben Jonson remarkably suited to be his friend, poet and scholar, enchanting his pedantry and steadying his poetics—Jonson told the king flatly that he had been taught "to sing verses when he should have read them." The contrast between Jonson's relation to Elizabeth and Charles I and that with James affords a certain cultural history of the three sovereigns; and for all the Gloriana boom about Elizabeth, and the fastidious perfection of Charles' taste, a good deal of the credit, in a profound sense, falls to James.

Otherwise Mr. Palmer's book has an admirable method. He resists the dashing, raw-boned and fictional in biography. He does not sit down and weave a romance of his own, deepened or novelized with mental states that the biographer imagines for his subject, nor does he salt his pages with scandals and obstetrics, though Jonson's epoch was ripe with them and their market today alluring. Instead of that, he implies a certain authority of Jonson's own about Jonson. To that end, he assumes at the start that this great figure in our literature is not widely read, and that the reams and mountains of his works and sayings, his perils, honors and decay, are not household words among us. The book is divided into sections: The Comedy of Humors, Poetomachia, The Tragedies, Whitehall, The Happy Laureate, The Later Masks, and so on; and everywhere the point rests on quotations and summaries. There is no wide final conclusion or judgment. But there are combative pages where the many critical theories around Jonson's name have to be squarely met, and where the subject profits from the balance and light of the great comedy on which Mr. Palmer has fed his mind. On the whole, the book's method is successful: the man who was by common consent accepted by a splendid generation as their most representative and significant figure is given a direct chance at our recognition.

Born in 1572, or 1573, and dying in 1637, Ben Jonson passed through a life that included not only three reigns but almost everything from killing a man to writing epitaphs, and he talked as a neighbor might about Sidney, Shakespeare, Spenser, Donne, Beaumont, Chapman, and many another from my Lord Chamberlain of England (Bacon) to Daniel and Owen.

Sidney [Sir Philip Sidney of legend] was no pleasant man in countenance, his face being spoiled with pimples.

Owen was a pedantic schoolmaster who swept his living from the posteriors of little children.

Donne's "Anniversary" was profane and full of blasphemy, but he was the first poet in the world for some things.

Shakespeare wanted art.

Spenser's stanzas pleased him not, nor his matter.

Such a comedy as "The Silent Woman" remains one of the best in English, a distinct quality that passed into Dryden and, from there, on through the best comic theatre to this day. Its chief scenes are fresh and crammed with acting possibilities. The packing of the lines with points, heightenings, allusions and vocabulary provides an example of what, next to order of mind, comedy nowadays lacks most. Jonson's masks supplied fanciful motivations for the first great stage designer in England, Inigo Jones; who after his Italian studies would not have known how to work at the pitch he achieved unless he had found an author so fully of the late Renaissance. Between the two of them they opened the way to a development of the English theatre in opera, ballet and stage décor, of which three, only in décor (Gordon Craig) has it proved itself worthy. The formalism, learning, intricacy of spirit and technical scope of Ben Jonson's comedies and tragedies, and the lyric genius that the masks add to these qualities, are paralleled, with great inequality, in the hundreds of his long and short poems. Just as much as in "Volpone" we have, on another side, Ben Jonson in

Drink to me only with thine eyes

or

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much Beauty as could die:
Which in life did harbor give
To more Virtue than doth live.

One of our great debts to Jonson lies in the things he wrote of Shakespeare. Of all comments they remain even now the happiest coinage in phrase, enjoy the widest currency, are the most nearly final and the most moving.

Drummond of Hawthornden wrote down in that notebook of his, after Jonson's visit:

He is passionately kind and angry; careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but if he be well answered, at himself. . . . Oppressed with fantasy, which hath ever mastered his reason, a general disease in poets. His inventions are smooth and easy; but above all he excelleth in translation.

"Vindictive, but if he be well answered, at himself," is an astonishingly fine comment for Drummond to make. "He was better versed and knew more in Greek and Latin than all the poets of England," Drummond wrote. As for Jonson to Drummond: "He told me I was too good and simple and that oft a man's modesty made a fool of his wit."

¹ Ben Jonson, by John Palmer. New York: The Viking Press.

Scriabin and Mrs. Grundy

THE MOST faithful of Scriabin interpreters, Katherine Ruth Heyman, gave an expert recital of the Russian's first, fourth and tenth sonatas and a dozen of his études, preludes and poems ranging from Op. 8 to Op. 72, at the Town Hall in New York in April. During the course of the concert, she pretty completely rekindled in one member of her audience, at the very least, his old love of Scriabin's piano compositions, backed by a new comprehension of the reason for the enduring affection. This reason, he saw, lay entirely in the composer's progressive experience of moments and hours of freedom, whose plastic images we call beautiful. He told himself that the complete eclipse Scriabin's fame had suffered among "advanced" musicians these latter years, an eclipse by no means honorable to the musical profession or advantageous to musical culture, was largely the snobbish aftermath of the triumph of the man's ideal antithesis, Stravinsky. Mrs. Grundy, certainly, always wants two treats: lions, and ostracisms. As Stravinsky's realistic, hard-boiled, formalistic music was exquisitely appropriate to the disillusioned hour, he furnished her her lion; while the more idealistic, tender-minded Scriabin became abhorrently unfashionable. And musicians, especially chronically advanced ones, obey Grundy far more obsequiously than they suspect they do. How else explain the fairly recent and thoroughly representative verdict of an earnest modern composer: "Scriabin is one of those artists who completely vanish with their times"?

That a little of the musical world's antipathy to Scriabin's piano music is due to something besides snobbery was also evinced at Miss Heyman's recital. Certain of the compositions she presented, a couple of them for a first time in New York, remain as music the merest bits of color without substance. Scriabin was by no means invariably free. He had his periodic inflations, when he aspired to a freedom he did not possess, and exalted his feelings; and like that of most of his orchestral works, the thinness of some of his piano music—"Vers la Flamme" for example—reflects these intervals of inhibition. And the elegance of some of his more substantial piano pieces does unquestionably belong to a period, and has paled along with it. Still, the recital by and large stressed the immense leaven of unsturdiness in the current attitude toward Scriabin, calling to mind his distinct serviceableness to that in man which tends toward unity with things beyond himself.

It made one remember how minimally personal, how expressive of the feelings of the world itself, the better part of his utterances were; and how charged with beauty. The man's almost unparalleled sense of the nature of his instrument stood fairly out; also the superficiality of the resemblance of his style to Chopin's. Progressive from Chopin though they are, even the earlier, most Chopinesque of his preludes are freshly handled. They have a Russian concision and an iron Russian clangor; and they are less monotonous, rhythmically livelier than their Polish prototypes. Scriabin's temperament was certainly less rich, but certainly more active, than Chopin's. In his piano pieces, for instance, the left hand is far less subsidiary to the right than in those of his master. And as the program advanced, the freshness of his audacious harmonies grew plain, and what Miss Hey-

man has called his music's "subtle beauty of resonance" and "the accurate complexity of its rhythmic patterns." Homophonist though he remained, Scriabin had a masterly way of combining various rhythmically melodic strands, which at moments gives his work a polyphonic character. And one perceived again the individual poetry of his now capriciously fluid, now broadly singing melodies. Above all, one got the intoxication of his rapturous song. And one wondered—the fourth sonata, and its sisters, the second and ninth: were they really far short of immortality?

PAUL ROSENFELD.

Credit for Comedy

DEALING out credit for the fine swinging comedy Hollywood makes of the Hecht-MacArthur play, "Twentieth Century," is an involved business. Into the role of Jaffe, the impresario whose tantrums make the story, John Barrymore fits as wholly and smoothly as a banana in a skin; and appropriate metaphors should also be devised for Walter Connolly, Carole Lombard and Roscoe Karns. But for the various other pictorial elements, major commendation must go to Howard Hawks's flexible and integrating direction. Also the major reproach. For, so long as the movie remained a movie, it traveled in a fast even line; but when it cramped itself into the actual setting of the stage play (it had already swept through most of the play's material) it became redundant, stationary, faintly boring. In that respect it was disappointing; but as evidence of a tough new life already emerging from the sedate husks of the American stage, it was a heartening thing even after its spontaneity had been checked.

The only thing to be said for "You're Telling Me" as a film is that it stars W. C. Fields—which is quite enough. Because Fields is not only a funny man with a fair bag of tricks; he creates a type. Nature's nobleman, let us say, considerably beery and with a strong touch of the sideshow barker. A blend of Jiggs the impenitent household man, and a promoter of itinerant shell games. But his manner of getting these things into stage terms is not so easily reducible to words. He is not a star playing a buffoon, but is completely within the role; he is his own hero and his own dupe and must accept this, to make the best of it. And when there is no best to make, why, you must be sad for him—because he is so earnest, because he moves with such absurd gravity and concentration. Even in such a vapid piece of plot, casting and direction as this he leaves a residue of something more real, more touching than the froth and fizzle of wit alone.

Another good man, not too well recognized as such, is James Cagney, whose latest, "He Was Her Man," is not the right medium for him and lags terribly. His "Jimmie the Gent" (still around) is the fast, hard-hitting sort of thing for his dynamic talent; and this slight though soundly built story of a racketeer he fills to overflowing, imperturbable, flip, colloquial to the point of unintelligibility. It shows him a lively, graceful and endearing vulgarian, and is enough by itself to place him with Fields, Durante, Mae West and their like in humor—that is, with the best and most honest Americans I know.

OTIS FERGUSON.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Breakdown

TENDER IS THE NIGHT¹ is a good novel that puzzles you and ends by making you a little angry because it isn't a great novel also. It doesn't give the feeling of being complete in itself.

The theme of it is stated in a conversation among the three principal characters. "What did this to him?" Rosemary asks. They are talking about Abe North, an American composer who became prominent shortly after the War. He was shy and very talented; often he came to stay with Dick and Nicole Diver in their villa near the Cap d'Antibes and they scarcely knew he was there—"sometimes he'd be in the library with a muted piano, making love to it by the hour." But for years now he hadn't been working; his eyes had a hurt look; he got drunk every day as if trying to escape from nobody knew what. And Rosemary wondered, "Why does he have to drink?"

Nicole shook her head right and left, disclaiming responsibility for the matter: "So many smart men go to pieces nowadays."

"And when haven't they?" Dick asked. "Smart men play close to the line because they have to—some of them can't stand it, so they quit."

"It must lie deeper than that. . . . Artists like—well, like Fernand don't seem to have to wallow in alcohol. Why is it just Americans who dissipate?"

There were so many answers to this question that Dick decided to leave it in the air, to buzz victoriously in Nicole's ears.

The question remains victoriously buzzing in the reader's ears long after the story has ended. Fitzgerald tries to answer it, but obliquely. He tells us why Dr. Richard Diver went to pieces—because he married a rich woman and became so dependent on her money that his own work seemed unimportant and he no longer had a purpose in living; that is the principal reason, although he is also shaken by his love for Rosemary and by Nicole's recurrent fits of insanity, during one of which she came near killing not only her husband and herself but also their two children. Dick's case seems clear enough—but what about Abe North, whose wife was poor and sane and devoted? What about the other nice people who ended as lunatics or drunkards? Fitzgerald is continually suggesting and reiterating these questions that he leaves in the air.

The Divers and their friends are, in reality, the characters he has always written about, and written well. They are the richer members of his own generation, the young women who learned to smoke and pet in 1917 and the Yale and Princeton men who attended their coming-out parties in new uniforms. In his early books, especially in "This Side of Paradise," he celebrated the youth of these people in a tone of unmixed pride—"Here we are," he seemed to be saying, "the children of the conquerors, the free and beautiful and very wicked youngsters who are setting the standards for a nation." Later, when he described their business careers and their life in great

country houses on the north shore of Long Island, his admiration began to be mixed with irony and disillusionment. In the present novel, which chronicles their years of exile, the admiration has almost completely vanished; the prevailing tone is one of disillusionment mixed with nostalgia. "We had good times together," Fitzgerald seems to say, "but that was a long time ago." Dick Diver is now an unsuccessful drunken country doctor, divorced and living somewhere in central New York State. Rosemary is an empty and selfish movie star; Abe North is dead, killed brawling in a speakeasy—all the kind and sensitive people of their circle have gone to pieces, and there remain only the "wooden and onanistic" women like Nicole's sister, only the *arrivistes* like Albert McKisco and the cultivated savages like Tommy Barban. A whole class has flourished and decayed and suddenly broken into fragments.

Here is a magnificent subject for a novel. The trouble is that Fitzgerald has never completely decided what kind of novel he wanted to write—whether it should center round a single hero or deal with a whole group. Both types of approach are present, the individual and the collective, and they interfere with each other. We are conscious of a divided purpose that perhaps goes back to a division in the author himself.

Fitzgerald has always been the poet of the American upper bourgeoisie; he has been the only writer able to invest their lives with glamor. Yet he has never been sure that he owed his loyalty to the class about which he was writing. It is as if he had a double personality. Part of him is a guest at the ball given by the people in the big house; part of him has been a little boy peeping in through the window and being thrilled by the music and the beautifully dressed women—a romantic but hard-headed little boy who stops every once in a while to wonder how much it all cost and where the money came from. (Fitzgerald says, "There is a streak of vulgarity in me that I try to cultivate.") In his early books, this divided personality was wholly an advantage: it enabled him to portray American society from the inside, and yet at the same time to surround it with an atmosphere of magic and romance that exists only in the eyes of people watching at the carriage entrance as the guests arrive in limousines. Since those days, however, the division has been emphasized and has become a liability. The little boy outside the window has grown mature and cold-eyed: from an enraptured spectator he has developed into a social historian. At the same time, part of Fitzgerald remains inside, among the dancers. And now that the ball is ending in tragedy, he doesn't know how to describe it—whether as a guest, a participant, in which case he will be writing a purely psychological novel; or whether from the detached point of view of a social historian.

There is another reason, too, for the technical faults of "Tender Is the Night." Fitzgerald has been working on it at intervals for the last nine years, ever since he published "The Great Gatsby" in 1925. During these years his attitude has inevitably changed, as has that of every other sensitive writer. Yet no matter how much he revised his early chapters, he could not make them wholly agree with those written later—for once a chapter has assumed what seems to be a final shape, it undergoes a process of crystallization; it can no longer be remolded. The result is that

¹ *Tender Is the Night*, by F. Scott Fitzgerald. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

several of his characters are self-contradictory: they don't merely change as living creatures change; they transform themselves into different people.

If I didn't like the book so much, I shouldn't have spoken at such length about its shortcomings. It has virtues that deserve more space than I can give them here. Especially it has a richness of meaning and emotion—one feels that every scene is selected among many possible scenes and that every event has pressure behind it. There is nothing false or borrowed in the book: everything is observed at first hand. Some of the minor figures—especially Gausse, the hotel keeper who was once a bus boy in London, and Lady Caroline Sibley-Biers, who carries her English bad manners to the point of viciousness—are more vivid than Rosemary or Dick; and the encounter between Gausse and Lady Caroline is one of those enormous episodes in which two social castes are depicted melodramatically, farcically and yet convincingly in a brief conversation and one gesture.

Fitzgerald says that this book is his farewell to the members of his own generation; I hope he changes his mind. He has in him at least one great novel about them, and it is a novel that I want to read.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

The Gold Cure

Dollars, by Lionel D. Edie. New Haven: Yale University Press. 293 pages. \$2.50.

Kemmerer on Money, by Edwin Walter Kemmerer. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. 211 pages. \$1.50.

Recovery and Common Sense, by O. M. W. Sprague. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 96 pages. \$1.

The Dollar, the Franc and Inflation, by Eleanor Lansing Dulles. New York: The Macmillan Company. 117 pages. \$1.25.

Gold and Your Money, by Williard E. Atkins. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. 164 pages. \$1.75.

Money: Gold, Silver and Paper, by Francis W. Hirst. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 313 pages. \$2.

ALL THESE books, with the possible exception of the last, may be regarded as political tracts; and their intellectual level is high enough to suggest that pamphleteering may again contribute significantly to the progress of economic thought.

Dr. Edie has written a most engaging discussion of current monetary problems. "Dollars" is unusually stimulating, and is full of penetrating observations and judicious criticism. The smoothness of the author's style, and his disposition to discuss economic problems with due regard for political considerations, leave the reader with a first impression more favorable than that which remains after reflection. Dr. Edie too consistently steers a middle course through controversial questions; on most significant issues his position may be approximated by a mere averaging of extreme opposing views.

He manifests little sympathy for the doctrines of Professor Warren; but he defends the gold policy. There is, he insists, only a very long-run relation between commodity prices and the price of gold; but he advises undervaluation of the dollar relative to sterling and gold-standard currencies, so long as we are committed to raising the internal price level. He condemns foreign gold-hoarding, while defending our government's great hoarding venture. We

should return to the gold standard, but not adhere to it slavishly. We should seek, not stability of the price level, nor stability of exchanges, but moderate stability in both fields.

To criticize Dr. Edie's positive proposals, and his conception of the future gold standard, is to question the views of many distinguished authorities. He envisages (and demands) the abolition of private gold-hoarding. Gold would be purchased from the mines exclusively by the central banks and treasuries; and these institutions would make deliveries of gold only among themselves, except for the furnishing of metal for actual industrial uses. (Would the private manufacture of cylindrical ornaments, certified as to weight and fineness, be regarded as an industrial use?) Given international agreement upon these arrangements, Dr. Edie looks forward to a grand, international system, controlled by a supra-national oligarchy of central-bank authorities. How such an organization could be created or held together, or how it could be made politically tolerable, the author does not explain. Nor does he indicate whether the supra-national authority should act according to well defined rules, whether it should ever reveal the rules if it did, or what an appropriate set of rules might be. The reviewer, by way of comment, would submit the opinion that no tolerable solution of monetary and banking problems is likely to be found in any system that contemplates the exercise of broad discretionary powers by administrative authorities. What we need is definiteness and stability in the rules of the game with respect to currency and credit, and a minimizing of policy-determining powers in the hands of central-bank authorities.

"Kemmerer on Money" is a well written and abundantly informative book; and most of its pages will seem significant even to students who do not share the convictions or "principles" for which the author is crusading. There are good chapters on existing monetary arrangements, on the green-back period and the German inflation, and (as in Dr. Edie's book) a pointed discussion of the debtor-creditor problem. The two chapters on silver are admirable. It would be hard to find anywhere a better statement of the case against the proposal that part of the legal reserves of central banks should consist of silver.

"The urgent monetary problem of the immediate future," says Professor Kemmerer, is not a national problem of creating a substitute for the gold standard, but rather an international problem of making the gold standard a better standard." This appears to define a hope rather than a program. His criticism of the administration's gold policy is convincing enough; but the security which he sees in definitive debasement and return to gold is certainly illusory. He does not emphasize, as does Dr. Edie, the potential dangers of credit inflation or the desirability of stopping an increase of prices far short of the 1926 level. Is it not reasonable to hold that, for the immediate future, adequate security and certainty with respect to money can be found only in commitment to stabilization of a sensitive price index at something like its present level?

Professor Sprague's "Recovery and Common Sense" is a collection of newspaper articles, written after his resignation from the Treasury, and devoted largely to discussion of the gold policy. There is abundant common sense in the dignified pronouncements on this policy, and in the still more moderate criticism of other administration measures; but the author's positive proposals, while revealing the soundest economic insight, leave the reader rather cold. The proper way out of the depression is to be found through enlarging the demand for labor and materials "by a reduc-

tion in relative prices of those goods and services for which an increased demand might reasonably be anticipated." Certainly a loosening up of the sticky prices in uncompetitive industries would help enormously; but the author offers only an aroused public opinion as a means for effecting such change. Freight rates should be reduced. Housing has remarkable possibilities, if costs could be lowered; and the government might properly set up model projects and lend money for private construction. For the future, Professor Sprague contemplates hopefully the same kind of gold standard as Dr. Edie; and, strangely, he endorses the proposal for adding silver to the legal reserves of central banks.

Doctor Dulles adds a feeble but strained voice to the general outcry against the terrors of inflation, in a book that undertakes, with little success, to illuminate current American problems by recounting French experience during the inflation period. Such interesting material as is contained in "The Dollar, the Franc and Inflation" is submerged in a kind of continuous sermonizing and moral-pointing. Most readers will be amazed or greatly amused by the estimate that the French inflation caused a net loss of real wealth in excess of fifty billion dollars.

"Gold and Your Money" is a discursive, popular book of uneven quality. Professor Atkins shows that the gold-standard system has serious shortcomings and a not very promising future. Like Sprague and Kemmerer, however, he argues that the depression is not essentially a monetary problem—on the dubious grounds that there is plenty of money and credit in circulation but too much hoarding.

"Money: Gold, Silver and Paper," which Mr. Hirst insists is not a "tract for the times," is a semi-popular history of gold, silver and paper currencies; and as such it is unusually well done. The author, however, is not hesitant about drawing morals from his history. He has little patience with proposals for paper currencies; and he devotes not a little space to argument on behalf of silver. He finds great merit in symmetallism, and believes that gold prices should be restored to about the 1925 level by agreement among the leading central banks and treasuries gradually to dispose of part of their gold in exchange for silver.

None of these writers places emphasis upon monopoly and decadence of price-competition as factors in the depression. Little attention is given to the monetary significance of commercial policy. And none of them suggests that our gold policy might really make sense, if combined with a drastic reduction of our tariff.

H. C. SIMONS.

The Age of Innocence

A Backward Glance, by Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 393 pages. \$3.

PROTEAN are the obstacles that may rear themselves in the path of a young and aspiring writer, and not all of them are of the sort with which Hamlin Garland, say, or Theodore Dreiser had to contend. Mrs. Wharton reminds the readers of the thirties that even if you didn't grow up on a bleak Dakota farm or in a sultry little town in Indiana—even if you grew up within a short walk of Washington Square and began your European travels at the age of four—you might still, if you chose to be an artist, find a hobgoblin or two to put to rout. You might find that New York good society in the seventies and eighties—not the society of the newly rich, but that of the old mercantile families, the city's leisure class—was, in its way, as hostile to the vocation of letters as many another. "In the eyes of our provincial society," says Mrs. Wharton, "authorship

was still regarded as something between a black art and a form of manual labor." Even Washington Irving, in an earlier age, had been tolerated because of his unimpeachable status as a gentleman, and Herman Melville, despite his high connections, had placed himself outside the reach of polite consideration. Presentability and the pen were held to be virtually incompatible; and "on the whole, my mother doubtless thought, it would be simpler if people one might be exposed to meeting would refrain from meddling with literature."

Only an unmistakable call could have made itself audible through such a fog as this, and clearly Mrs. Wharton, as a young woman, heard the call. It is evident from her story that she was not a person to be deterred from her purpose by a few whispers and a look or two of courteous incredulity. Her gifts were too genuine to be suppressed, and the need of overcoming a good deal of intangible opposition was a positive advantage: it forced her to step aside a little from the life of her group, and to see it in some other light than that of its own kindling. Only Edith Wharton could have written "The House of Mirth" and "The Custom of the Country" at the time when she wrote them—only a child of that society who was willing to question a few of its assumptions; and the fact makes it tempting to agree with her conclusion that the drawbacks involved in growing up as she did were outweighed by the advantages.

Tempting, but not irresistible. Mrs. Wharton's talents it is impossible not to respect, but her reminiscences are too full and too frank to leave one under any illusions about the social climate in which she has always moved, and its effect upon her vision. She has been a serious enough writer to look critically at the foibles of her set, but it would be obvious from her novels that she has never looked any farther inward than that, and her autobiography confirms the judgment. She says, to be sure, that though she has always lived among the worldly she has never been "much impressed" by them, but the remark leads one to wonder whom she means by the "worldly." From some points of view, the great mercantile swells of the days before the Civil War would have seemed to be a fairly mundane lot; but Mrs. Wharton, like any romantic, declares that their leading qualities were "social amenity" and "financial incorruptibility." And the nearer she approaches our own time, the more her voice tends to take on the conventional overtones of the society page. "The inauguration by King Edward VII of the beautiful hall . . . Etonians who fell in the Boer War . . . the simple and dignified ceremony . . . private grief and national pride . . . in whose house one met most of the worth while in Paris . . . the wise and witty Jules Cambon . . . the Argentine Ambassador . . . the Embassy . . . the celebrated archeologist . . . charitable work . . . the Embassy . . . France had never wanted war . . . France's North African subjects . . . Sainte Clotilde . . . Algeria . . . the Embassy. . ."

"Worldly" may not be the word for the leisured pre-war society of notables, of cosmopolitan sophisticates, of "wise and witty" rulers, which Mrs. Wharton thus evokes; but certainly she was never unimpressed by it, and her record of it, especially in the lively passages on her master Henry James, has a great deal of documentary value. What she never hints is that, for a writer who would really see his age without delusions, the fogs engendered by such a society are quite as thick as those engendered by the old New York families in the age of innocence. She would have towered higher in American letters than she does if she had made some effort to overcome these obstacles too.

NEWTON ARVIN.

West of the Pacific

Empire in the East, edited by Joseph Barnes. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 332 pages. \$3.25.

The Menace of Japan, by T. O'Conroy. New York: H. C. Kinsey and Company. 294 pages. \$3.

THESE two books on the Far East are recommended by The Book of the Month Club. One of them is good and the other is pretty awful.

"Empire in the East," the good one, is a symposium of more or less integrated articles contributed by ten members of the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations, all specialists in the fields in which they write and already well known for their work on the Far East. Its editor, executive head of the American Council, feels that we Americans have been unconscious of our imperial destiny too long. "The agents of empire, our missionaries, our navy, our diplomats and our business men, have shaped policies for the United States which are still aimed at imperial expansion." Today, as never before, there is need to determine whether this empire is worth its costs.

But such an appraisal raises questions in fields so widely divergent that it is better executed by a group of specialists than by a single person—hence the collaborative effort. The various contributors, under the editorial supervision of Mr. Barnes, have attempted to treat, in their respective spheres, those questions that are fundamental to an understanding of America's position in the Far East. It is this unity of purpose that links the various chapters together. A wide range of subject matter is covered: China's relation with the land and sea "barbarians"; Japan's economic problems; the significance of the Soviet development of Siberia; the changing complexion of Far Eastern markets; the international bankers' relation to trade and diplomacy; the mineral resources of the Far East; food and population problems and their relation to colonial policies; missionaries; the development and implications of the Open Door principle; and, lastly, whether a change in our social and economic systems will come quickly enough to avert engulfing us in revolutions and wars.

The most valuable portions of the book are those dealing with factual material little known to general readers. The more opinionative portions will raise grave doubts in the minds of many. A number of informed persons, for example, will seriously question the statement that "For any nation to retain any of its present rights in China it is necessary to do as Japan did in Manchuria after 1931." And many economists would reject the basic postulate explicitly accepted by several of the writers—namely, that Western capitalistic economies inevitably produce a "surplus" of capital and goods that must seek an outlet abroad since these cannot be absorbed at home economically. "Empire in the East"—despite its unwarranted Marxian tinge in spots—is to be recommended to anyone who wishes an authoritative, one-volume work dealing with some of the Far Eastern problems that are likely to remain of importance to America for many years to come.

"The Menace of Japan," which was published in London last year, is now presented to the American public in an apparently unrevised edition. It was written by Mr. T. O'Conroy, an Irishman by birth, who constitutes himself an authority on the country largely on the strength of his having spent fifteen years there, married into an aristocratic Japanese family and met and associated with all classes of Japanese people. He comes to the conclusions: that, although the women of Japan are "truly

exquisite," "the men of Japan [are] ruthless, cruel, lustful and treacherous"; that "... the country ... is corrupt from one end to another"; that the whole nation is uneducated and illiterate; that the "basic mentality of all Japanese is low"; "... that every Japanese knows that he is divine ..."; that the Japanese "have a lust for bloodshed that needs no firing either by war or rage"; and that unless Western Powers threaten Japan "during the present year" [1933?]-by force if necessary—"there will some time be a greater war than that of 1914-1918," and "it will be fought on Asiatic Soil. ..."

Mr. O'Conroy chants a disgusting and blasphemous hymn of hate. His book is decidedly unbalanced, highly colored and full of unwarranted representations. Japan, in the bad temper she has displayed during the past two and one-half years, is indeed a menace both to herself and the rest of the world, but she is not a menace to the extent and for the reasons Mr. O'Conroy makes out. But perhaps I should be more hesitant in criticizing the book, considering the sweep of its author's credentials: "I claim to be the greatest living authority on Japan in either hemisphere ... I am not boasting, I know the Japanese as no other 'barbarian' on earth"!

BEN DORFMAN.

Our Heritage of Revolt

Rebel America, by Lillian Symes and Travers Clement. New York: Harper and Brothers. 401 pages. \$3.

TO ANYONE who has a first-hand knowledge of the radical and labor movement of this country, this book by Lillian Symes and Travers Clement will be one of the most tantalizing ever written. Here indeed one sees the familiar outlines of the labor movement. Here are a procession of strikes, right and left-wing conflicts and Red raids. Mooney and Billings, Sacco and Vanzetti, pass tragically across the scene. The Lawrence strike, McKeesport and Ludlow are described once more. There are great gaps in the book, too. The Amalgamated lockout in 1920 gets a scant line; and one of the hard-fought battles of labor which amounted almost to a civil war, the Logan County, West Virginia, coal strike, is barely mentioned. The great steel strike of 1919 receives as much space as a book edited in 1920 by Harold Stearns. The trail of the Village and the Liberal Club is wide through the narrative.

The broad familiar outlines are all there, as I said, but they are strangely changed, oddly distorted. It is like seeing yourself in one of those mirrors they have at fairs, where you suddenly appear with a neck a yard long, a hydrocephalic forehead and a mump on one cheek.—Take the Lawrence strike. I well remember how grave that town looked when patrolled by the militia, the anxiety and fear of mob violence that brooded there, and the inspiring strike meetings, where, under Haywood's and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn's encouragement, workers found themselves gifted with tongues. I saw the courage and also the desperation of that strike, which was always shadowed by the thought of Ettor and Giovanetti imprisoned in their cage in Charlestown. Yet in this book the Lawrence strike suddenly becomes a social affair. It isn't the workers' struggle that is played up, but the fact that there were lots of magazine and newspaper writers and visitors from California.

If the Lawrence strike becomes vaguely arty in the book, The Masses is completely so. Is this the paper on which I worked and which had so many of its meetings in our house, where the editors jointly hammered out the paper's

next issue? Is this sexy, pseudo-psychoanalytic sheet the old Masses? I cannot recognize it. As for the final section that pictures the split in the right and left wings of the Socialist parties and the formation of the Communist party, I understand that one reviewer refused to review this book on the ground that he would have to write an equally long one to correct the errors in these final chapters. It is strange and somewhat spectral to consider how warped, how subtly changed, much of the story is. The authors are at their happiest when they speak of the I.W.W. Their appreciation and their justified criticisms of that sardonic, singing American movement both seem closer to reality.

On the whole, "Rebel America" is not a book to be ignored. It has rendered one signal service, and that is to recall how old the revolutionary tradition is in America, and how indigenous. People nowadays talk as though the thought of revolution had recently been imported from Moscow. Just as in the individual strike, the "outside agitator" is always blamed, so ever since the War, frantic efforts have been made to trace every radical gesture on labor's part to Russia and "Moscow gold." Here summed up in a small space one sees the succeeding waves of revolt sweeping over the country, often culminating in violence on both sides, waves that spend themselves only to re-form for another conflict. This is a valuable thing to have done. It was a great and imaginative subject to choose.

In an indignant telegram, Miss Symes, one of the authors, requested their publishers to "please make any possible correction immediately of statement on book jacket that I am an ex-radical and present liberal. I am not a liberal and object vigorously to label." It's hard to find out just what point of view the authors represent. They aren't Anarchists, certainly they are not Communists, scarcely

present-day Socialists. Perhaps they are Wobbly-Socialists of the 1919 days before the "big schism," days of which the authors so yearningly speak; or perhaps they are just plain 1919 radicals with a big red "R."

MARY HEATON VORSE.

Books in Brief

Ninety-Two Days, by Evelyn Waugh. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 271 pages, illustrated. \$2.50.

YEARS have passed since Evelyn Waugh took off the bright domino in which he wrote "Vile Bodies" and "Decline and Fall." In his latest book he appears in a business suit (or better, in white linen and a pith helmet) and is scarcely recognizable to the public who knew him in carnival costume. The ninety-two days of the title were spent in going five hundred miles into the interior of British Guiana and coming back. A great part of the narrative is concerned with the details of his personal discomfort on the river in boats, on foot in the hills and on horseback across the savannahs, outlining an odyssey of ticks, fleas, chiggers, hard saddles and sore feet; for there is scarcely a mention of texture, organic shape, light or color vivid enough to overcome the author's weariness and his dejected sensory apparatus. The language kindles only where Mr. Waugh has managed to use his trade-marks: the words "revolting" and "disgusting." He does uncover a loose selection of odd characters and dialogue, but these have nowhere the reality of their counterparts in his former, imaginative books. "Ninety-Two Days" would be amusing if Mr. Waugh were not so painful in his efforts to amuse. Until such a time as he is willing to stop glossing the surface of his confusion with perfect sales-prose and accept himself as a reasonable subject, we shall have to face another of the literary fiascos that have littered our days with the debris of genius and talent.

J. N.

The Racial Myth, by Paul Radin. New York: Whitelsey House. 141 pages. \$1.50.

This excellent little book is the protest of a professional anthropologist against the Nordic myth in its present German-Fascist embodiment, a protest that is all the more vehement because its author is an admirer of German culture, and particularly of German classical literature. The backbone of his argument is the simple and incontestable fact that, in the progress of the human race from savagery to civilization, a part has been played by all three existing races as well as by others now extinct; likewise that in the great scientific achievements of the modern era, the three white racial types, and almost every people in Europe, have participated. Beside the main argument, there are many suggestive and stimulating ideas. Dr. Radin believes that we are now at a decisive point in human history, the constructive realism of the Soviet statesmen as against the destructive romanticism of the Nazis forming the bases for this belief.

H. S.

Private Worlds, by Phyllis Bottome. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

Miss Phyllis Bottome is an expert craftsman. In "Private Worlds" she develops the relations of five characters to one another in patterns of two and three, within the institutional atmosphere of a large hospital for the insane. The leading figure is that of Charles Drummond, the new director, and Jane Everest, whose professional alliance with Alec Macgregor has been hitherto the

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—Books, N. Y. Herald Tribune.
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ruling factor in the institution. The pattern is the familiar one of "Pride and Prejudice"; Charles is a scientific Mr. Darcy, and Jane a loyal and intelligent Elizabeth Bennet. Macgregor, furious in the frustration of his ambition to become director, and Drummond, scrupulous in his success, play the rivals. Drummond's sister plays the vampire to Macgregor, and the latter's wife sustains her difficult role toward each of the others in turn. The unity of this exceptionally well conducted novel is maintained by the institutional background, charged with the excitement of the abnormal, which changes familiar situations into something new and strange.

R. M. L.

China's Geographic Foundations: A Survey of the Land and the People, by George Babcock Cressey. New York: McGraw-Hill Publishing Company. 436 pages, illustrated. \$4.

This is one of the most informative and scholarly books on China published in recent years. The author, a geologist by profession, has traveled and studied for ten years in all the eighteen provinces of the Middle Kingdom, and his knowledge, as here set forth, is extraordinary for its range and thoroughness. Climate, topography, population, transport and communication; agriculture and farming; mineral resources and industrial development; races, languages and culture patterns; trade routes, commerce and contact with the rest of the world—all of these matters are discussed, with a wealth of detail both descriptive and statistical and the aid of numerous valuable maps and diagrams. As might be expected, the chapters on China's natural resources (much overrated by the layman) are exceptionally full, and the chapters on the principal geographic areas of the country are likely to become classics in their field.

H. W.

Contributors

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, author of biographies of Zola and Rousseau and, more recently, of "The Robber Barons," a panorama of American capitalism in its great days after the Civil War, has just returned from a tour of France, Spain and Russia.

CONRAD AIKEN, whose new book of short stories, "Among the Lost People," was published last month by Scribners, was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship in creative writing for 1934-35.

ELLA WINTER, who formerly taught in the London School of Economics, is the author of "Red Virtue," a study of manners and morals in the Soviet Union. She is the wife of Lincoln Steffens and lives in Carmel, California.

MARTHA GRUENING is a former assistant secretary and research worker for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. In that capacity she has investigated race riots and compiled materials for "Thirty Years of Lynching."

RAYMOND KRESENSKY was an eye-witness of the bank hold-up he describes.

PAUL ROSENFELD is the author of "Musical Chronicle," "Port of New York," "Men Seen" and other books. He is now lecturing on music and American art.

H. C. SIMONS is assistant professor of Economics at the University of Chicago.

MARY HEATON VORSE is the author of "Growing Up," "Men and Steel" and "Strike." Recently she has been reporting the disturbed labor conditions throughout the industrial sections of the East.

BEN DORFMAN, at present living in New York City, is at work on an economic study of Manchuria. He was attached to the Lytton Commission investigating conditions in the Far East for the League of Nations.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of James Neugass, Herman Simpson, Robert Morss Lovett and Harold Ward.

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Malcolm Cowley



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THE COOK MAKES A POINT



"We can't go to Europe," said the Duchess, "Exchanges have gone up."

The cook sneezed, partly because of pepper and partly out of contempt. "Would this soup I'm stirring cost any more in Europe?" she asked.

"Liras, francs and shillings and all those things cost more," said the Duchess thoughtfully.

"I don't use them," snapped the cook. "I use beef and carrots and leeks."

...

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